INSIDE — BATMAN PLUS DAREDEVIL!

A POWER COMIC

SMASH!

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10th AUG. 1968
EVERY MONDAY
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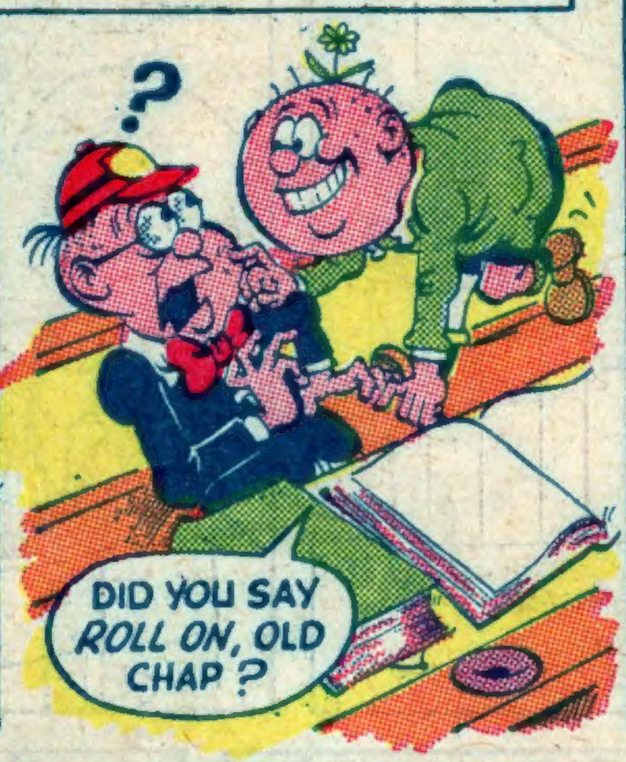
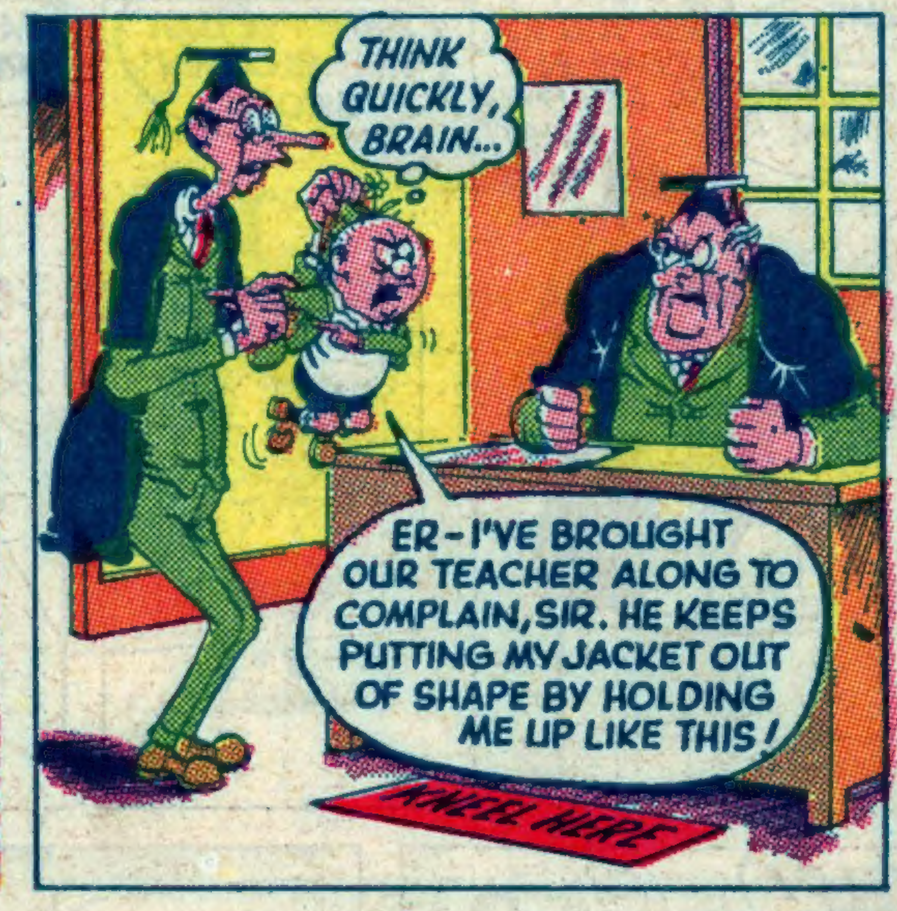
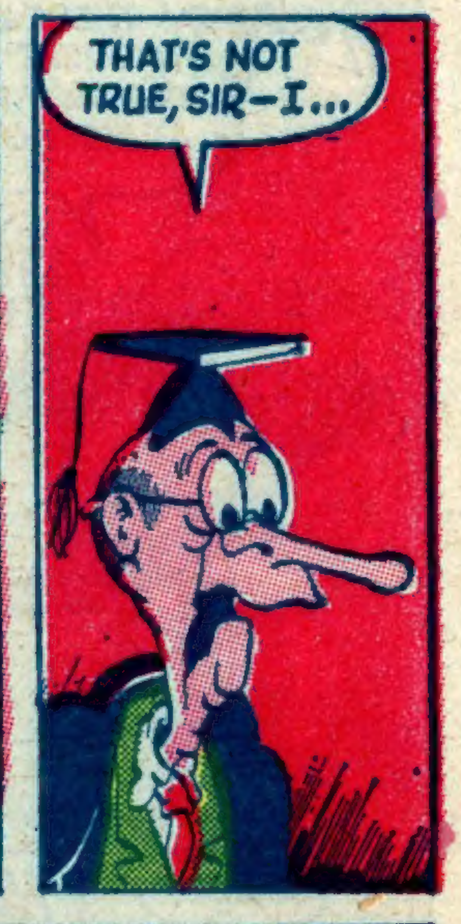
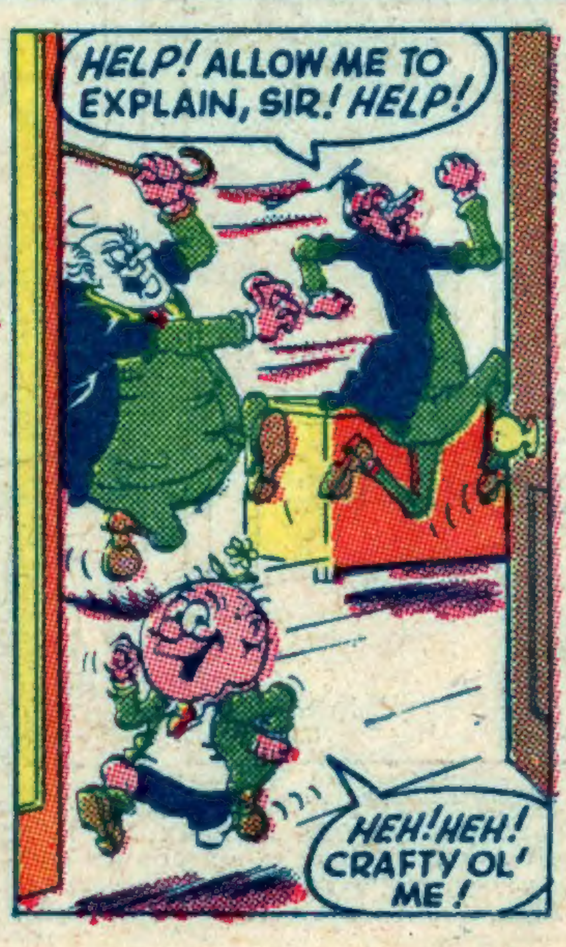
AUSTRALIA 10c. EAST AFRICA 1.00 WEST AFRICA 10d. SOUTH AFRICA 10c. RHODESIA 1/- NEW ZEALAND 1/- (10c.)

THE SWOTS AND BLOTS!









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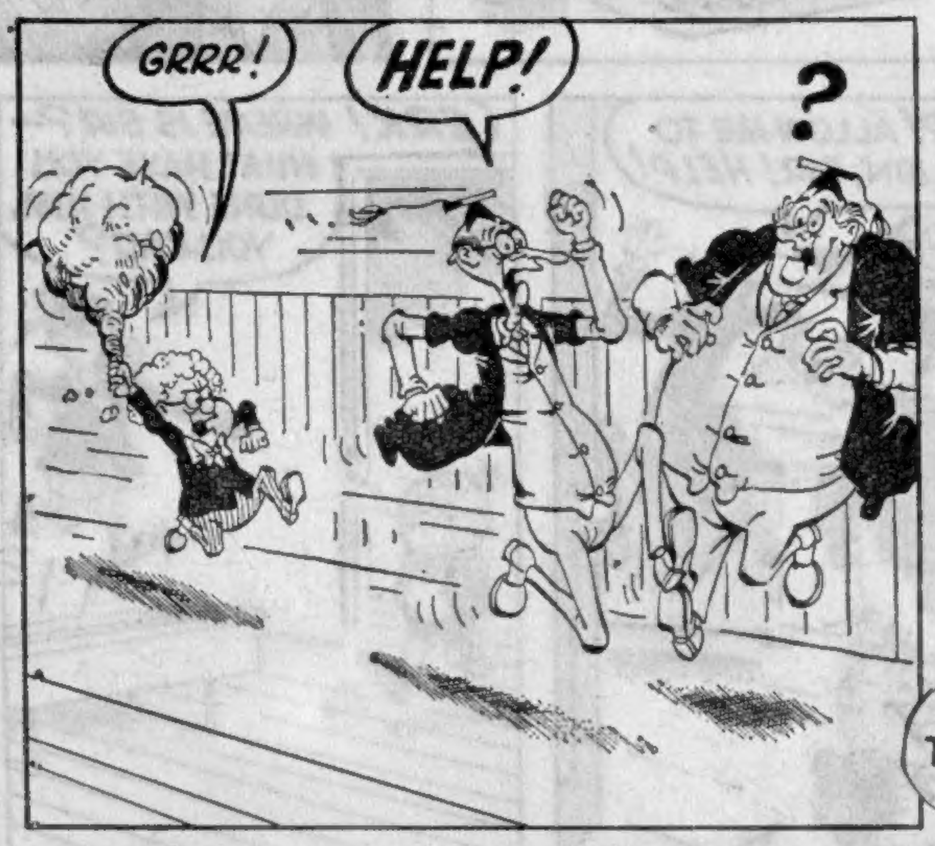

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BRIAN'S BRAIN

IN TREGARVON COMMANDER HARCOURT WALKS DOWN THE MAIN STREET.
I REMEMBER AL THESE HOUSES! — THESE SHOPS! I SURE OF IT! IT IS 1916!

AND WHEN HE REACHES THE TINY HARBOUR.
AND THERE, WAITING FOR ME, IS MY OLD SHIP! THE E22!

NOW COMPLETELY RE-LIVING THE PAST THE COMMANDER STEPS CONFIDENTLY ON TO THE SHIP'S DECK.
WELCOME ABOARD, SIR! WHAT ARE YOUR ORDERS?
WE MOVE OFF — AT ONCE!

HALF-SPEED AHEAD. STEADY AS SHE GOES!
AYE, AYE, SIR!

A FANATICAL GLEAM SHINES IN THE OLD COMMANDER'S EYE.
MUST GET THE GOLD SAFELY TO PORTSMOUTH. STEER 055!
055 IT IS, SIR!

THE MAN WEARING THE UNIFORM OF A ROYAL NAVY LIEUTENANT SLIPS QUIETLY AWAY TO THE SMALL CABIN WHERE COMMANDANT KIRST WAITS.
EVERYTHING IS WORKING OUT EXACTLY AS YOU PLANNED. THE OLD FOOL'S BEEN HALF-CRAZY FOR YEARS. NOW HE'S COMPLETELY CONVINCED THAT IT IS 1916.
HE'S RE-LIVING HIS OWN PAST— AND HE'LL TAKE THIS SHIP TO THE EXACT SPOT WHERE THE ORIGINAL E22 WAS SUNK!

CROUCHED IN THE LIFEBOAT BRIAN ONCE AGAIN SEEKS THE ADVICE OF THE BRAIN.
ALL THE CREW ARE KIRST'S MEN. WHAT CAN DUFFY AND I DO? WE'RE ONLY BOYS.
YOU MUST TRY TO REACH THE RADIO ROOM. IF YOU CAN OVER-POWER THE RADIO OFFICER I WILL HELP YOU TO SEND A RADIO MESSAGE FOR HELP.

ONCE AGAIN THEY LEAVE THE SHELTER OF THE LIFEBOAT.
THERE'S NO-ONE ABOUT.
MAKE FOR THAT LADDER. THE RADIO ROOM WILL BE ON THE LOWER DECK.

BUT THEN THEIR LUCK RUNS OUT. THE LIEUTENANT, RETURNING FROM REPORTING TO KIRST, SEES THEM.
HEY! YOU TWO BOYS! COME HERE!
BRIAN! WE'VE HAD IT!
ONLY THE BOYS NOW STAND BETWEEN KIRST AND HIS QUEST FOR THE TREASURE. SO... WHAT MERCY CAN THEY EXPECT ON THIS VOYAGE INTO THE PERILOUS PAST? DON'T MISS NEXT WEEK'S ALL-ACTION CHAPTER!

news from the floor of 64!

64, LONG ACRE
LONDON W.C.2.

SOCCER DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN! That was the word that permeated through into the Garret from the outside world. But seeing that the Garret does not possess a football team, and that even if it did, none of us editorialisers would find enough time away from the slave benches to PLAY anyway . . . (we mean, just PICTURE Athletic AFFABLE ALF machine-gunning dictation to MERRY MARGARET SMITH while dribbling the ball down-field). Can you IMAGINE Bouncy BIG BOLD BART eagle-eying printers' proofs and trying to mind goal at the same time? Nor can WE imagine KID KEN MENNELL being even a penalty-area distance away from a typewriter at ANY time! Or CASANOVA COS having other things to worry about (like opposing forwards, for instance) than putting SMASH to press.

No, alas, such a team is not a possibility! Alas, the world shall never know what glories or infamy the GARRET UNITED might have achieved. In fact, we don't even want to think about it!

BUT WE WANTED TO DO SOMETHING about us all being on the brink of another Soccer season! So we decided that if all you soccer fans out there can't have us, then at least we would present you with a second best! Like Bobby Moore, Ball, Hunt . . . and other hallowed names. Twenty top players from the top clubs! . . . gathered together, with portraits, signatures, club badges and biographies, in the FANTASTIC BOOK OF SOCCER STARS! . . . The first four pages of which are to be had in FANTASTIC this week! We know we've told you this before . . . but it's worth being reminded about!

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE...

Peter Phillips, Oldham, Lancs.; John Ratcliffe, Little Hulton, Worsley; Stephen Roalf, Teynham, nr. Sittingbourne, Kent; Susan Gilbert, Basford, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs.; Alec Chadzoy, Bathpool, nr. Taunton, Somerset; Ross Benmore, Keysworth, Sandford, Wareham; Oliver Curley, Portuna, Co. Galway; Richard Signy, Hendon, London, N.W.4; John Hay, Edgbaston, Birmingham 17; Anthony Charles, Northam, Bideford, North Devon; Colin Fautley, Kings Nympton Park, Kingston Hill, Surrey; Peter Lord, Speke, Liverpool 24; C. T. Warlters, Crowthorne, Berks.; Stephen Langley, Enfield, Middlesex; P. Sommers, Seaford, Sussex; Michael Johnson, Crumlin, Monmouthshire; Geoffrey Allcorn, London, S.W.8; Jim Smith, Kelty, Fife, Scotland; D. Bunn, Banbury, Oxfordshire; David Bono, Salford 3, Lancs.

AND SPEAKING OF FANTASTIC, according to the letters (and even phone calls) we've had from you tigers out there! . . . WE'VE REALLY PRODUCED AN EVER-LOVIN' *HIT*! Meaning *you* think our little Ol' Summer Special is as great as WE think it is! . . . and that's *G-G-G-G-GREATTTT!!* We don't believe for one moment that any *true* Brother of Power has not yet got himself a copy of this big, fifty-six-page *treasure-house* of the favourites from FANTASTIC, POW and SMASH! But if the impossible HAS happened! . . . if just *one* preoccupied Powerhouser hasn't got around to it yet . . . then, like the man said, HURRY! *HURRY! HURRY!* . . . before it's too late!

US THINKING ABOUT HOW MODEST WE ARE . . . brings us naturally to the subject of EGO! No, not ours . . . but the character who makes his debut in FANTASTIC this week . . . who must be truly the most . . . the most . . . darn it, we can't THINK of an adjective worthy of this truly out-of-this-world villain! By name EGO, this baddie puts every other THOR adversary in the shade! Because EGO is not one man, not even two or more men . . . not even a "thing." EGO IS NOTHING LESS THAN A LIVING PLANET! And if you want to see how a super-hero is going to cope with a foe like that . . . well, you may do so, tigers . . . in FANTASTIC!

MEET . . . Mister Knowall

He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

COLONEL BREWSTER-BOOSTER has a daring reputation as a Big Game Hunter. But can we believe everything he says? Here is one of his stories . . . do you think it is true?

"Alone and unarmed, I spotted a leopard creeping up on me. There was nothing for it but to scramble up the nearest tree—and there I sat without food or water for SIXTEEN hours with the snarling beast waiting for me to come down . . ."

Well, what do you think? The answer is on the right.

DO YOU KNOW?

"Brothers and sisters have I none,
But that man's father is my father's son."

What is the relation of "that man" to me?

Can you put 11 pennies on the table, take away 5—then add 4—to leave 9?

YOU DO NOW!

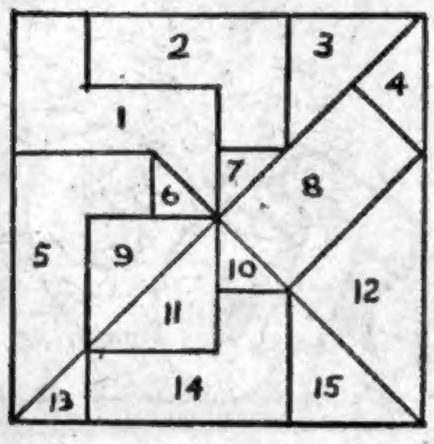
"That man" is my son.

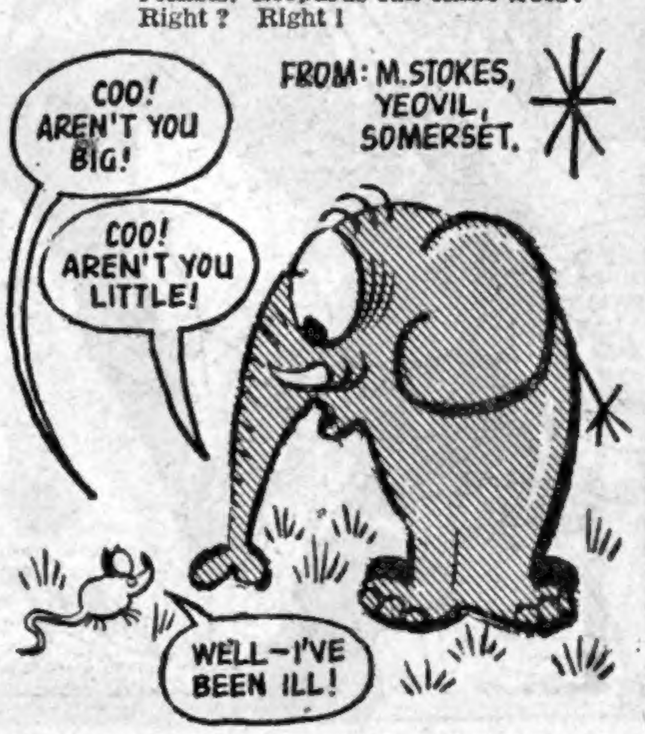
Add the 4 pennies to the five you took away. No-one said to *which* pile they were to be added!

FALSE. Leopards can climb trees! Right? Right!

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S CHALLENGE

Here is how to cut up a square — so that when the pieces are reformed, it forms a perfect windmill. See if you can cut it up and make the windmill . . . and check last ish for the answer.





FROM: M. STOKES, YEOVIL, SOMERSET.

THIS WEEK! . . . For all Football Fans! . . .

The FANTASTIC BOOK OF SOCCER STARS

In FANTASTIC, this week, there's a special feature every soccer fan (and is there anyone who isn't?) will want to own and keep! Pages of photo portraits of Soccer greats! Plus fact-full word biographies! Plus signatures and badges of their teams!

And it's for FREE! Yes, this week's FANTASTIC will include the first four pages of this great souvenir Soccer book! The following week there'll be another four pages! Another four the week after . . . and so on . . . until your wonderful FANTASTIC BOOK OF SOCCER STARS is complete!

This, plus the start of two great new stories, makes the on-sale-now issue of FANTASTIC something not, but not to be missed!

SO MAKE SURE YOU GET *YOUR* COPY OF FANTASTIC TODAY! Price 7d.

"THE MYSTERY OF THE MIDNIGHT STALKER!"

DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

AFTER DEFEATING THE **GLADIATOR** IN BATTLE LAST ISH, THE SIGHTLESS **DAREDEVIL** FINDS HIMSELF ALONE AND UNARMED IN A HOSTILE NATION SOMEWHERE IN EUROPE... A NATION TORN BY STRIFE AND REVOLUTION! AND, IF THIS DRAMATIC DILEMMA GRABS YOU THE WAY WE **HOPE** IT WILL, THEN READ ON, FRANTIC ONE... READ ON...

TAKE ANOTHER STEP... AND YOU *DIE!*

SIX PULSEBEATS IN FRONT OF ME! THE SOUND OF *TRIGGERS* BEING COCKED! I'M CONFRONTED BY *ARMED MEN*... A BAND OF REBEL *BRIGANDS!*

I RECOGNIZE HIM! IT IS THE ONE KNOWN AS *DAREDEVIL*... *A FOREIGN CRIME-FIGHTER!*

THE GOVERNMENT MUST NOW BE IMPORTING PAID SOLDIERS-OF-FORTUNE TO CRUSH OUR *GUERILLA BAND!*

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1966

HOLD, YOUR FIRE! YOU'LL HIT MIKLOS!
SAVE YOUR BULLETS! I'LL DO IT FOR YOU!
ONCE HE FALLS I'LL BE A CLAY PIGEON OUT HERE!
MATTHEW BABY, YOU'VE GOT TO MOVE FAST!

FTAK!
BKAT!
HE WON'T ESCAPE US NOW!!
THOSE FIRST TWO SHOTS JUST MISSED ME...!
NOW, IF I CAN SWING AROUND THIS TREE IN TIME, HE WON'T GET ANOTHER CHANCE!

YOU CRAZY FOOL! YOU ARE TRAPPED... AND YOU KNOW IT! COME OUT FROM BEHIND THAT TREE!
OR ELSE WE WILL DRAG YOU OUT!
THE MORE YOU RESIST, THE MORE DISTASTEFUL YOUR FATE WILL BE!

BLOD!
I'M GRATEFUL FOR THE ADVICE, FELLAS..
BUT THE FIRST LESSON US MEN WITHOUT FEAR LEARN IS... NOBODY LIVES FOREVER!

SORRY ABOUT THAT...!
...BUT, I DON'T AIM TO MAKE A LIFE'S WORK OUT OF THIS!
UNNNNH!

I DON'T MEAN TO CRITICIZE BUT...
YOU FELLAS WILL NEVER ATTRACT THE TOURIST TRADE THIS WAY.
THAK!

MASKED FOOL!! YOU THINK ONE MAN ALONE CAN DEFEAT US??
WELL, SEEING AS HOW YOU'RE ASKING ME...

...THE ANSWER IS... YES!
WONK!

THANKS FOR THE WORKOUT, GROUP!
BUT NOW IT'S TIME TO SPLIT!
HE..DEFEATED US...AS THOUGH WE ARE...CHILDREN..!
HE IS EVERY-THING THE LEGENDS SAY ABOUT HIM...
...AND MORE!

THEN, A SHORT TIME LATER...
THERE'S A CLEARING BELOW ME...WITH A STRONG SCENT OF JET PLANE FUEL!
THAT MEANS JUST ONE THING...
I'VE FOUND MY TICKET HOME!
ONLY ONE HEARTBEAT IN THE AREA! A SOLITARY GUARD IS NEAR THE PLANE!
BUT... NOT FOR LONG!

SLEEP TIGHT, PUSSYCAT!

I'M IN LUCK! THERE'S ENOUGH FUEL TO REACH ENGLAND!
CIVILISATION—HERE I COME!
TO SAVE YOU THE TROUBLE OF WRITING SCATHING LETTERS TO US, WE'LL EXPLAIN HERE AND NOW HOW THE SIGHTLESS D.D. CAN PILOT A PLANE! HE FEELS THE VIBRATIONS OF THE NEEDLES AND DIALS WITHIN THE INSTRUMENT PANEL, AND HIS OWN NATURAL RADAR SENSE TAKES CARE OF THE REST! ...SLY OL' ALF!

A FEW HOURS LATER, AFTER A SMOOTH LANDING IN BRITAIN...
I'LL HAVE TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO PAY FOR A JET TICKET! I ONLY HAD ENOUGH MONEY FOR A NEWSPAPER!
LUCKY THE PILOT LEFT HIS COAT IN THE PLANE! I WAS ABLE TO CONCEAL MYSELF...
SAY! WHAT'S THIS..?
MY FINGERS RAN OVER A NAME THAT FELT LIKE... KA-ZAR!

THEN, FASTER THAN A SIGHTED MAN CAN SCAN A PRINTED PAGE, THE HYPER-SENSITIVE FINGERS OF DAREDEVIL GLIDE ACROSS THE SURFACE OF THE PAPER, AS HE "READS"...
I WAS RIGHT! IT IS HIM!
LONDON COURIER
KA-ZAR---LORD KEVIN PLUNDER TURNS SAVAGE ONCE MORE!
STRANGE HAPPENINGS ON LONELY MOORS SUR-ROUNDING PLUNDER CASTLE
Police report wild jungle man and prehistoric sabre-toothed tiger terrorizing area!

KA-ZAR... TERRORIZING THE COUNTRYSIDE? I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!
EVEN THOUGH HE WAS REARED IN A PREHISTORIC HIDDEN JUNGLE, WITH A SABRE TOOTH TIGER AS HIS ONLY FRIEND, HE WOULD NEVER INTENTIONALLY HARM ANYONE!
HE HELPED SAVE MY LIFE ONCE! IF HE'S IN TROUBLE NOW..!*
ALTHOUGH, I DO REMEMBER HOW UNPREDICTABLE HE WAS... WHAT A DANGEROUSLY EXPLOSIVE TEMPER HE HAD...!

AND THEN, THE GALLANT RED-GARBED SWASH-BUCKLER GOES BACK IN MEMORY TO THOSE FIRST EVENTFUL MEETINGS WITH THE UNTAMED LORD OF THE JUNGLE...

FOR THE BENEFIT OF ANY LATE-COMERS TO POWER HERE'S HOW AN UNTAMED DENIZEN OF THE JUNGLE BECAME A TITLED BRITISH NOBLEMAN...
IT STARTED ON A TYPICAL DAY... TYPICAL FOR KA-ZAR, THAT IS...

ZABU!
SUDDENLY, THE JUNGLE-LORD'S SABRE-TOOTHED COMPANION WAS IMPRISONED BY A MAN-MADE TRAP..!

RACING TO SAVE THE THRASHING BEAST, KA-ZAR ENCOUNTERED THE PLUNDERER, AND HIS BAND OF CUT-THROAT PIRATES....!
STOP, KA-ZAR!
I DO NOT FEAR YOU!

LOOK, JUNGLE MAN! SEE WHAT I HOLD ABOVE MY HEAD!

CAREFULLY SEIZING THE BROKEN SILVER MEDAL, KA-ZAR THEN PRODUCES, FROM WITHIN HIS POUCH, THE SECOND HALF... WHICH FITS THE MEDAL PERFECTLY!
KA-ZAR HAS OTHER HALF OF MEDAL... ALL HIS LIFE!

I, TOO, HAVE CARRIED IT SINCE CHILDHOOD! MY FATHER GAVE ONE TO ME... AND THE OTHER HALF TO MY BROTHER... BEFORE HE DIS-APPEARED!
THAT MEANS... WE ARE BROTHERS!
AND, WHEN THE PLUNDERER WAS IMPRISONED FOR PIRACY, HIS BROTHER KEVIN (OR, KA-ZAR) INHERITED PLUNDER CASTLE!... 'NUFF SAID?

AND NOW, ACCORDING TO THIS OFFICIAL REPORT, KA-ZAR IS BARRICADED WITHIN **PLUNDER CASTLE**, WHILE THE POLICE PREPARE TO TAKE HIM-- BY **FORCE** IF NECESSARY!

THEY'VE BEEN REFERRING TO HIM AS-- THE MURDEROUS **MIDNIGHT STALKER!**

I CAN'T EVEN **BEGIN** TO IMAGINE WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT--

KA-ZAR SURE NEEDS A **FRIEND** RIGHT NOW!

BUT, ONE THING I **DO** KNOW--!

IT'S LUCKY MY FINGERS ARE ABLE TO "**READ**" A PRINTED PAGE BY FEELING THE MICROSCOPIC IMPRESSION LEFT BY THE PRINTER'S **INK** ITSELF!

PERHAPS IT'S **MORE** THAN MERE **LUCK!** IT'S ALMOST AS THOUGH **FATE** HERSELF PLANNED IT THIS WAY!

ANYWAY, I'D BETTER GET A **MOVE** ON! IF MY MEMORY SERVES ME, **PLUNDER CASTLE** IS A GOOD HALF-HOUR FROM HERE--AS THE CROW FLIES!

OR, MORE APTLY PERHAPS-- AS THE DAREDEVIL **LEAPS!**

IF KA-ZAR **IS** INNOCENT OF THE THINGS HE'S CHARGED WITH, THEN SOMEONE **ELSE** MUST BE GUILTY! AND I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT **WHO**...AND **WHY?**

ACCORDING TO THE **NEWSPAPER** REPORT, NEARBY HOMES WERE BROKEN INTO--AND HUGE **TIGER TRACKS** WERE SEEN, ACCOMPANIED BY THE FOOTPRINTS OF A **BAREFOOT MAN!**

IT'S PRETTY TOUGH TO **FAKE** THAT SORT OF THING--UNLESS-- HE REALLY **HAS** GONE WILD. AGAIN!

SOME TIME LATER-- ON THE COLD ENGLISH MOOR OUTSIDE PLUNDER CASTLE, WE FIND...

HE CAN'T STAY THERE **FOREVER!** HE'S **GOT** TO COME OUT **SOME** TIME!

STAY **BACK,** PLEASE! THE **ARMY** WILL BE ARRIVING ANY MOMENT!

IT'S HARD TO **BELIEVE** THAT ONE MAN **ALONE** CAN HOLD OFF AN ENTIRE **VILLAGE!**

BUT, THIS MAN IS A SUPER-STRONG **SAVAGE** WITH A MONSTROUS **TIGER!**

LOOK! UP THERE! AT THE TOWER WINDOW! I **SEE** HIM!

THEY ALL HUNT **KA-ZAR!**

BUT, **KA-ZAR** IS GREATEST HUNTER OF **ALL!** IS THAT NOT **RIGHT,** ZABU?

I'M IN **LUCK!** THEY HAVEN'T **STORMED** THE CASTLE YET!

NOW, ALL I'VE GOT TO DO IS MANAGE TO GET PAST THE **CROWD,** AND MAKE MY WAY **INSIDE** SOMEHOW!

THAT'S ALL!

I COULD HAVE SWORN I HEARD A **ROAR** FROM THAT TOWER WINDOW!

SO DID **I!** THAT BLASTED **TIGER** MUST BE UP THERE **WITH** HIM!

WE'LL HAVE HIM SOON! THE TROOPS ARE TAKING THEIR **POSITIONS** NOW!

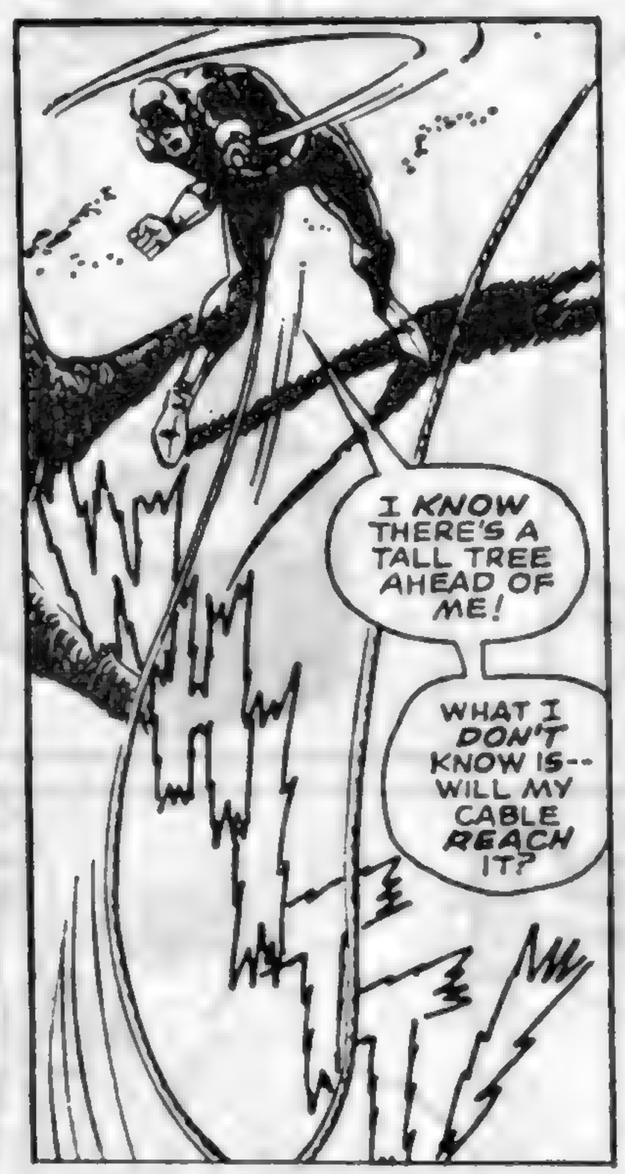
ATTENTION! ATTENTION! THIS IS **LORD MAYOR HONEYWELL!** DISPERSE THE CROWD! THE **TROOPS** HAVE ARRIVED!

THIS KA-ZAR MUST BE BETTER THAN TARZAN!
I FEEL A BIT SORRY FOR HIM, MYSELF! I MEAN, HE MUST BE LIKE AN ANIMAL HIMSELF.
LORD KEVIN PLUNDER--OR, IF YOU PREFER--KA-ZAR!
THIS IS LORD MAYOR HONEYWELL SPEAKING! WE KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE-- YOU'VE NO CHANCE--WE'VE SURROUNDED YOUR ENTIRE CASTLE!
GIVE YOURSELF UP NOW, BEFORE WE ARE COMPELLED TO TAKE DRASTIC ACTION! DO YOU HEAR ME, KA-ZAR?
THERE HE IS AGAIN AT THE WINDOW, SIR!

GO AWAY! KA-ZAR HAS DONE NOTHING!
IF YOU ATTACK CASTLE, KA-ZAR WILL FIGHT! MANY WILL DIE!

THAT SINKS IT! KA-ZAR DOESN'T EVEN KNOW HOW TO LIE!
IF HE SAYS HE'S DONE NOTHING-- THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME!
HANG ON, JUNGLE MAN! HERE COMES THE CAVALRY!

IF I CAN JUST SWING CLEAR OF THE CROWD, I'LL BE ON MY WAY...!


I KNOW THERE'S A TALL TREE AHEAD OF ME!
WHAT I DON'T KNOW IS-- WILL MY CABLE REACH IT?

KA-ZAR MUST BE MAD! HE CAN'T FIGHT AN ENTIRE REGIMENT!

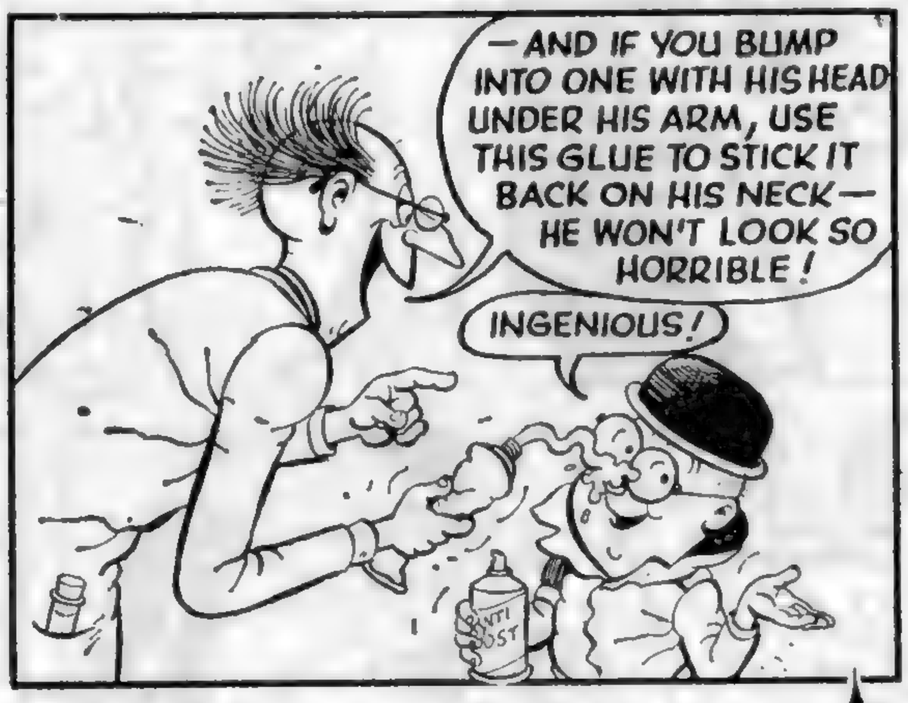
AND, HE WON'T HAVE TO--IF HIS FEARLESS FRIEND CAN HELP IT!
LOOK! OVER THERE! A COSTUMED MAN--IT'S... IT'S DARE-DEVIL!

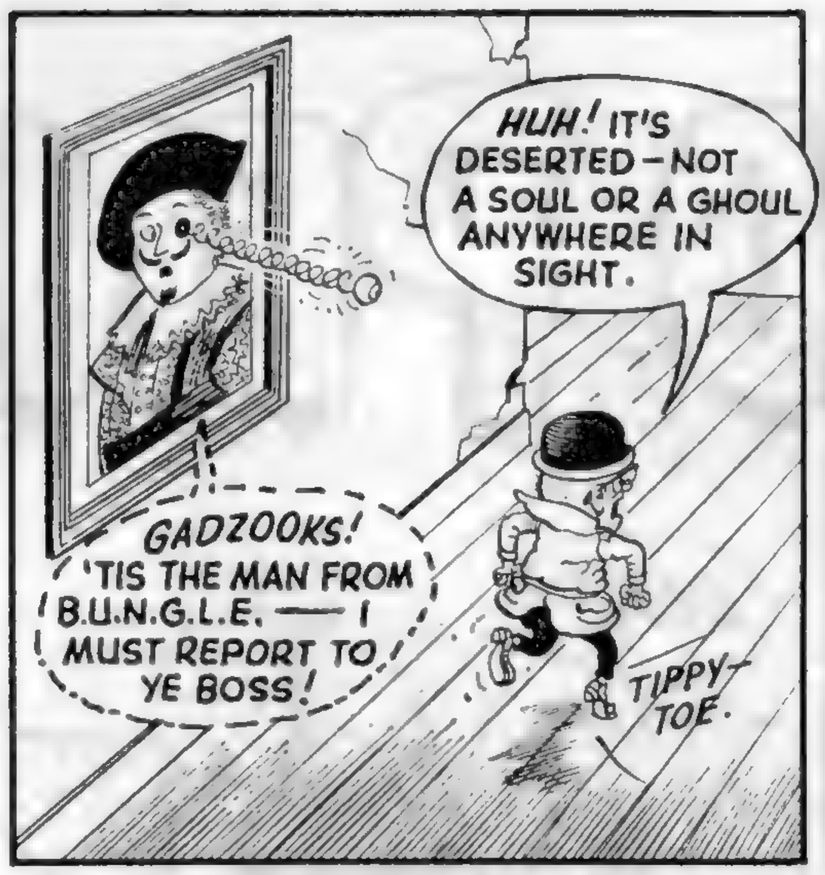
HALT! NO ONE MAY GET PAST OUR LINES! WE HAVE OUR ORDERS!
TOO LATE TO STOP NOW, GENTS!
TRIGGERS BEING COCKED! THEY'RE PREPARING TO FIRE!

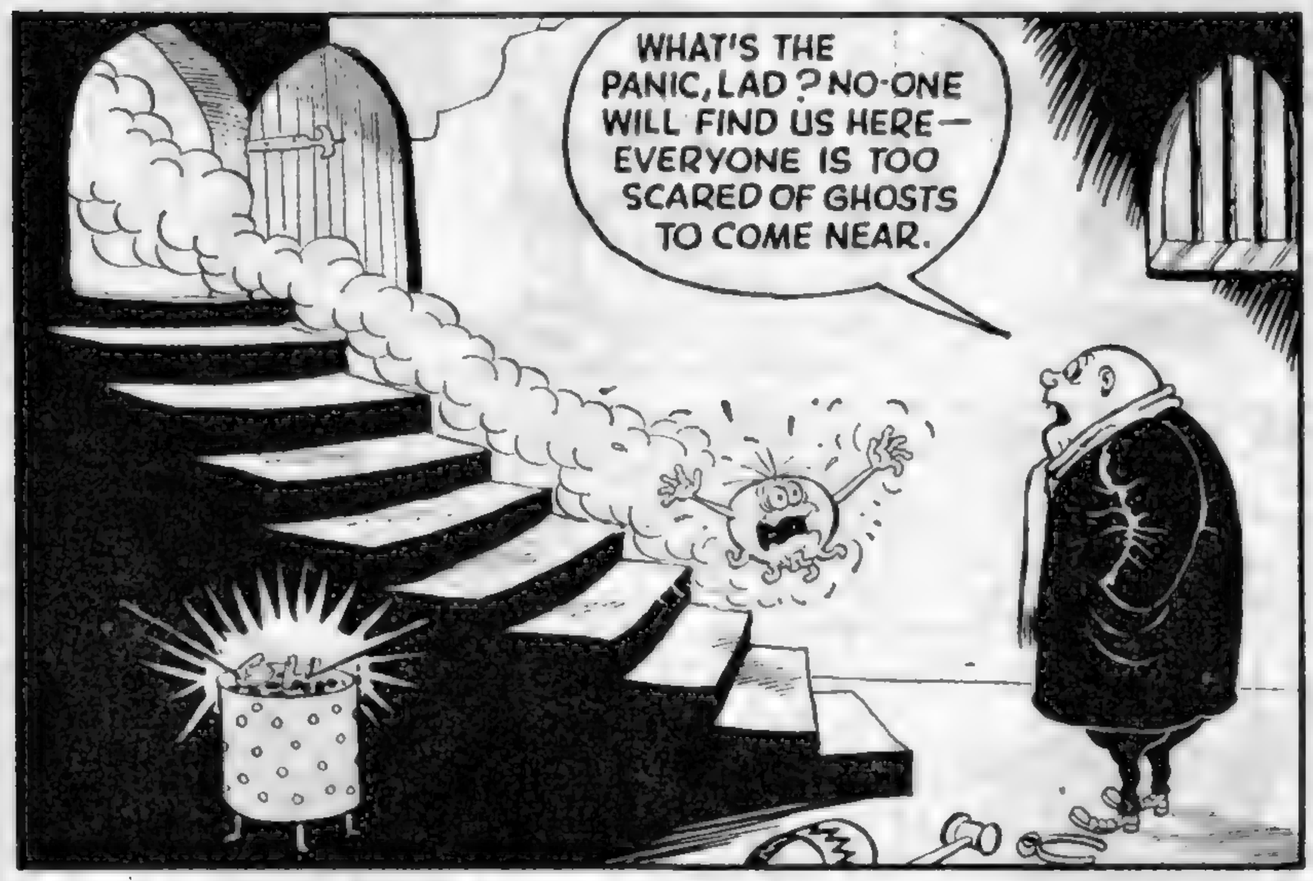
BUT I'VE GOT TO CHANCE IT!

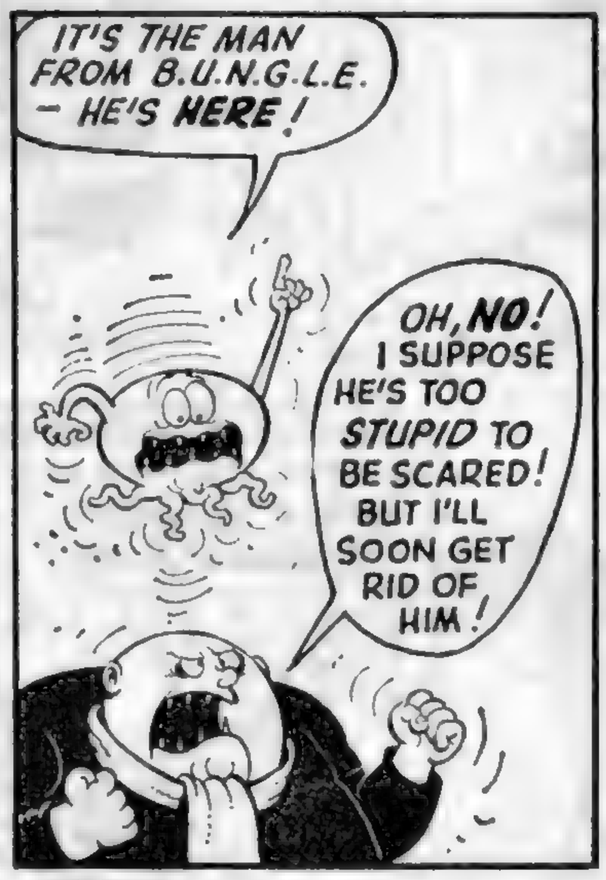
KRAK!
BT'AN!
A HIT? OR A MISS? SORRY, TIGERS—YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT TILL NEXT ISH TO SEE!!

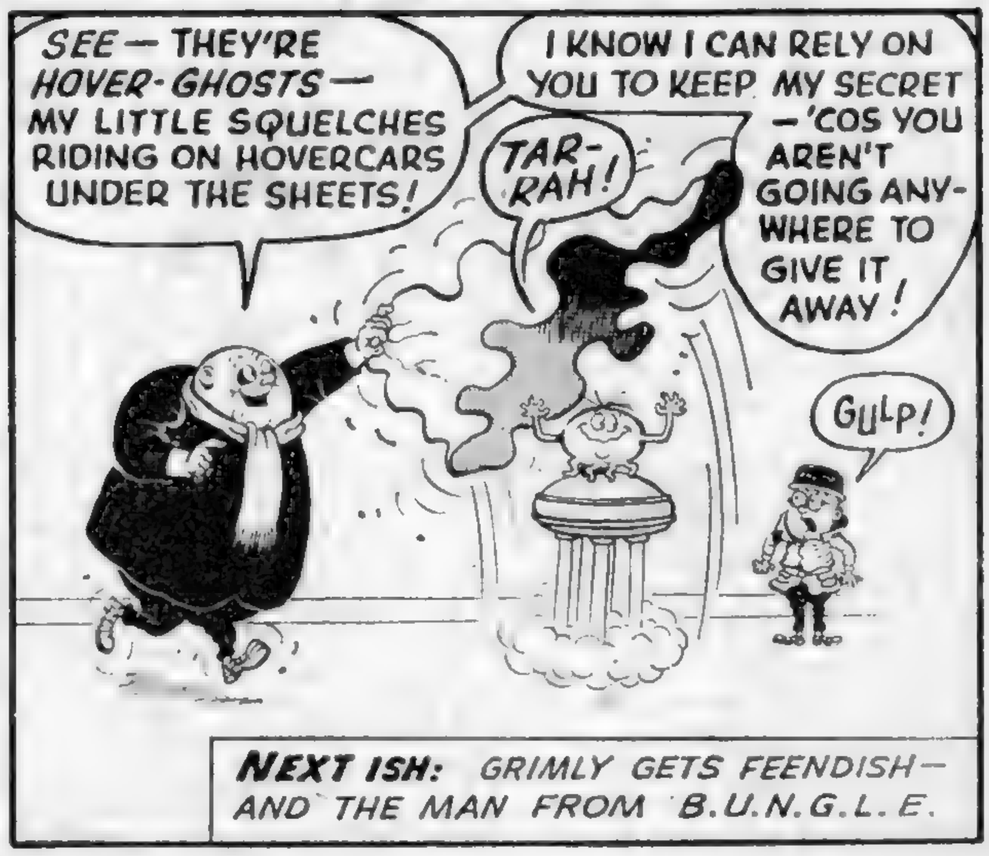
THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.









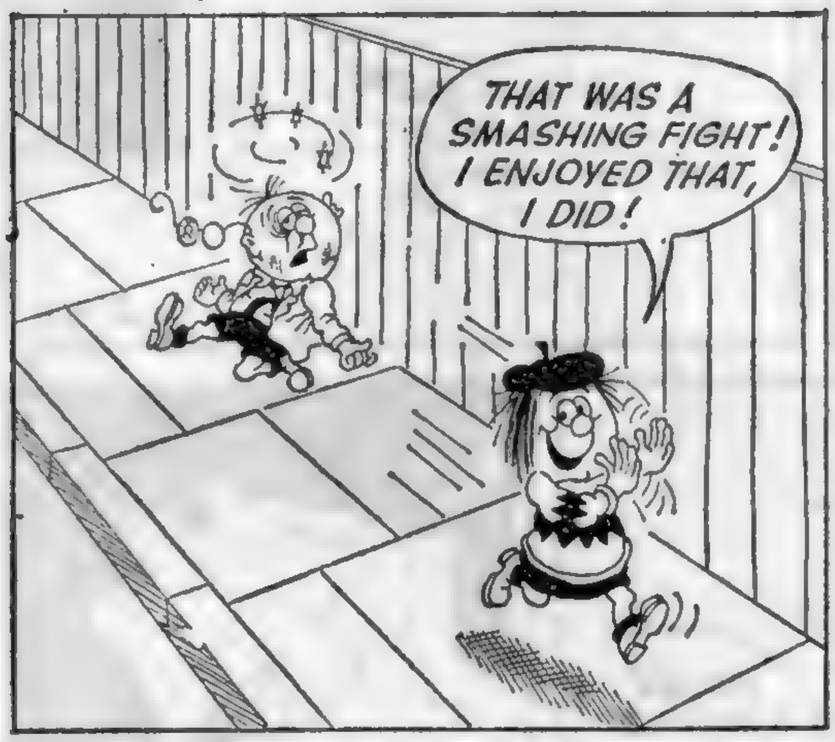


NEXT ISH: GRIMLY GETS FEENDISH— AND THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

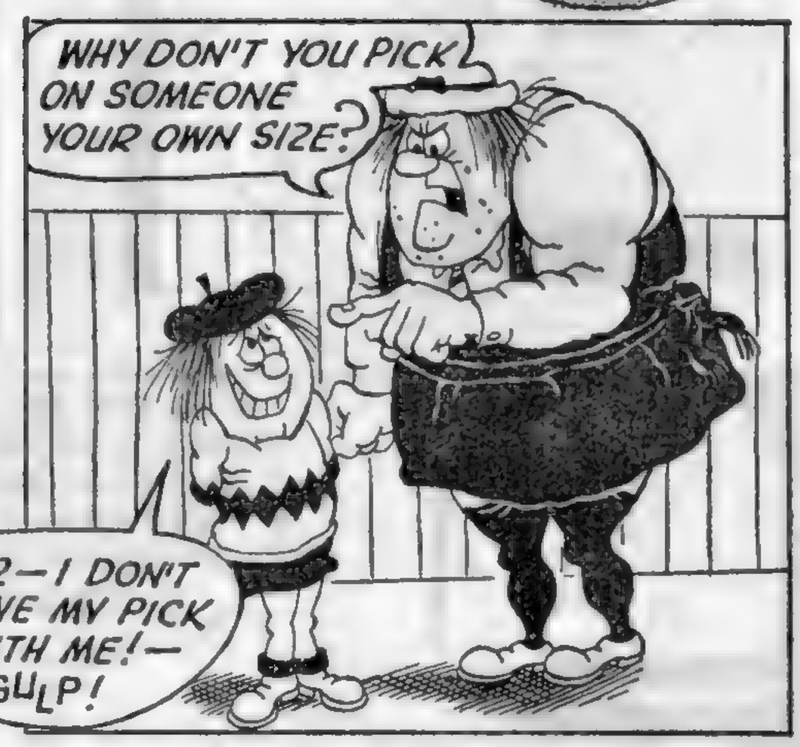
BAD PENNY

AMMO

ONE PENNY
1968

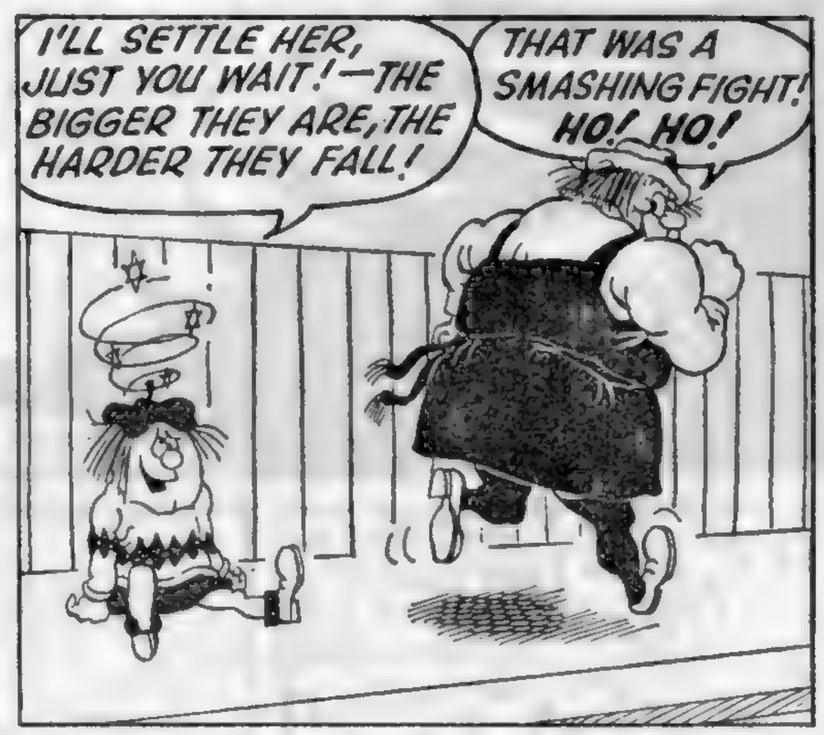

THAT WAS A SMASHING FIGHT! I ENJOYED THAT, I DID!

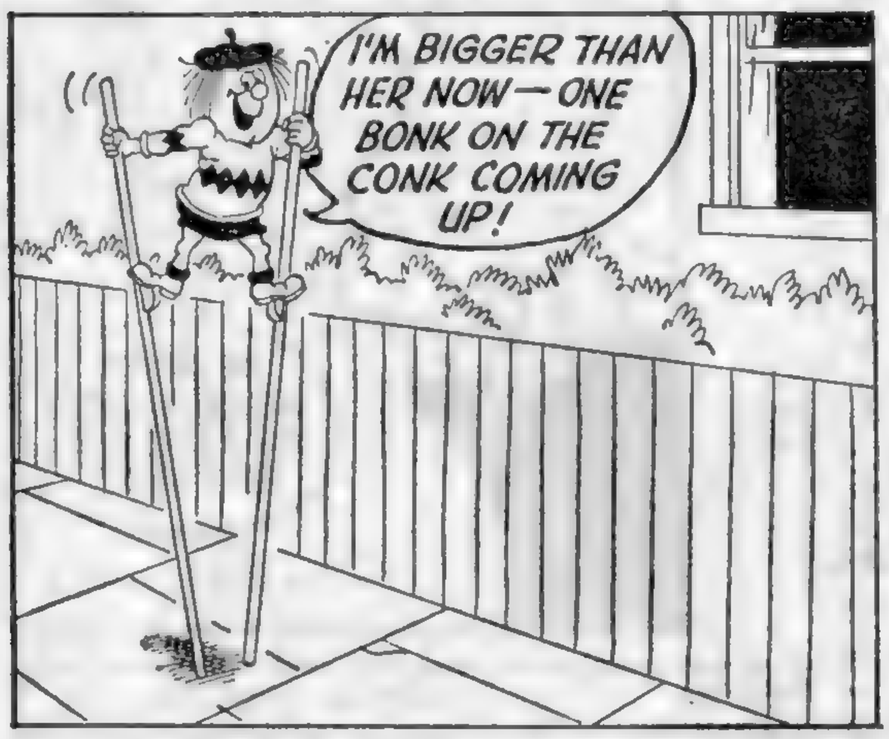
EEK!


WHY DON'T YOU PICK ON SOMEONE YOUR OWN SIZE?
ER—I DON'T HAVE MY PICK WITH ME!—GULP!

SO SHE THINKS SHE'S FUNNY, EH?

I HAVEN'T GOT MY PICK, EITHER— SO YOU'LL HAVE TO SETTLE FOR A SLEDGE-HAMMER BLOW!!
THUMP!
OOH!


I'LL SETTLE HER, JUST YOU WAIT!—THE BIGGER THEY ARE, THE HARDER THEY FALL!
THAT WAS A SMASHING FIGHT! HO! HO!


I'M BIGGER THAN HER NOW—ONE BONK ON THE CONK COMING UP!

EEK!
THAT'S CHOPPED HER DOWN TO SIZE!
KARATE CHOP!

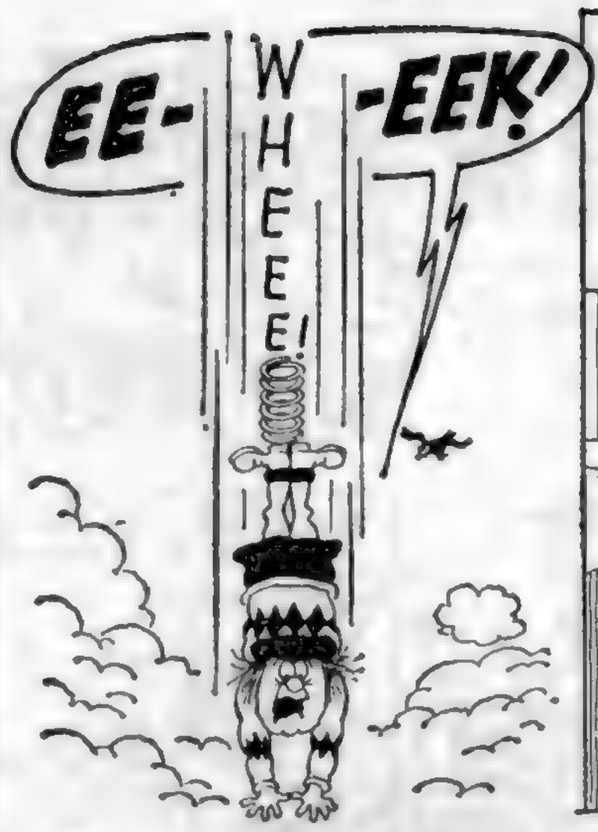
MUM'S NOT GOIN' TO LIKE THIS—I MADE THESE OUT OF HER CLOTHES PROPS!

BUT I'M READY FOR BIG BERTHA NOW!—'PENNY THE PULVERISER' SPRINGS INTO ACTION! SNIGGER!
BYOING! BYOING!
BYOING!

EEK!
THUD!
YOU WANT TO GET MORE SPRING IN YOUR STEP, PENNY—ALLOW ME TO HELP—

DON'T GO AWAY! PENNY'S NOT STAYING!
ROTTER!
PRESS!

ARGH!
THAR' SHE GOES! HEY- WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP THERE? I'M NOT THAT TALL! SNIGGER!
PYOING!

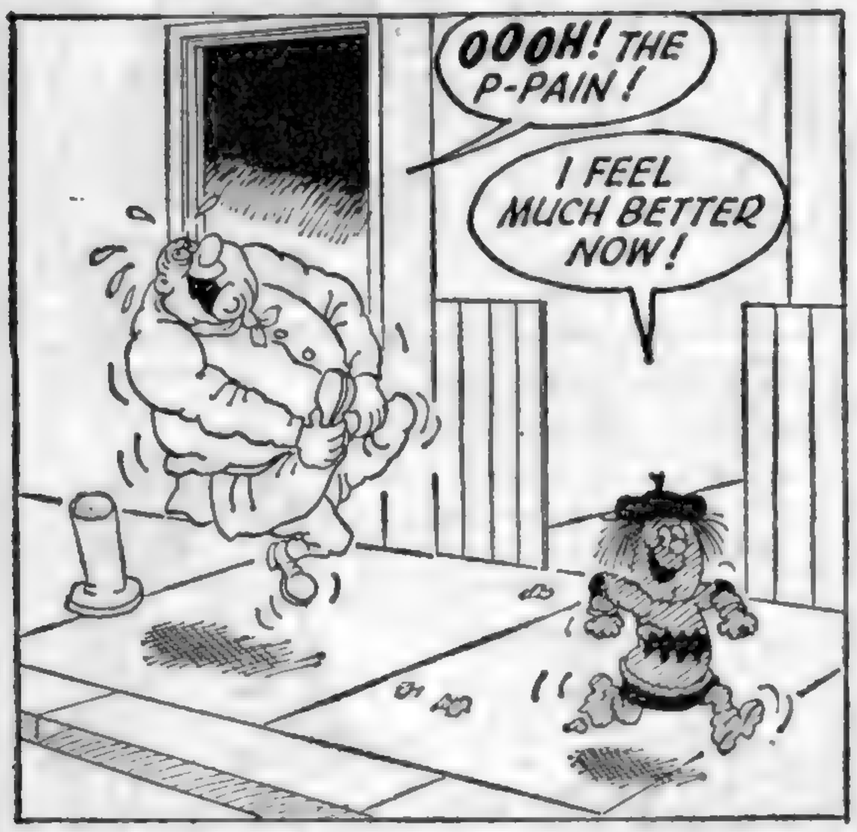

EE-
WHEEE!
-EEK!

SPERLUDGE!
MUD BATH

GRR! SHE'S GOING TO PAY FOR THIS!!
SQUELCH
SLURP!

HO! HO! WHAT'S PENNY BEEN UP TO?
FLOUR
BAKERY
I'D RECOGNISE HER UGLY FACE ANYWHERE— EVEN IF SHE IS HIDING IT IN A MUD-PACK!

ARGH! ME TOOTSIES!
GRRR!
CRUNCH!


OOOH! THE P-PAIN!
I FEEL MUCH BETTER NOW!

WHEEEEE!
OUF!
FLOUR
WHUMP!

GRR! I'LL PERSONALLY PULVERISE ANY TWERP WHO MAKES ANY CRACK ABOUT ME BEING ONE OF THE FLOUR PEOPLE!

WAA-AH!- A GUG-GHOSTIE! HELP!
?

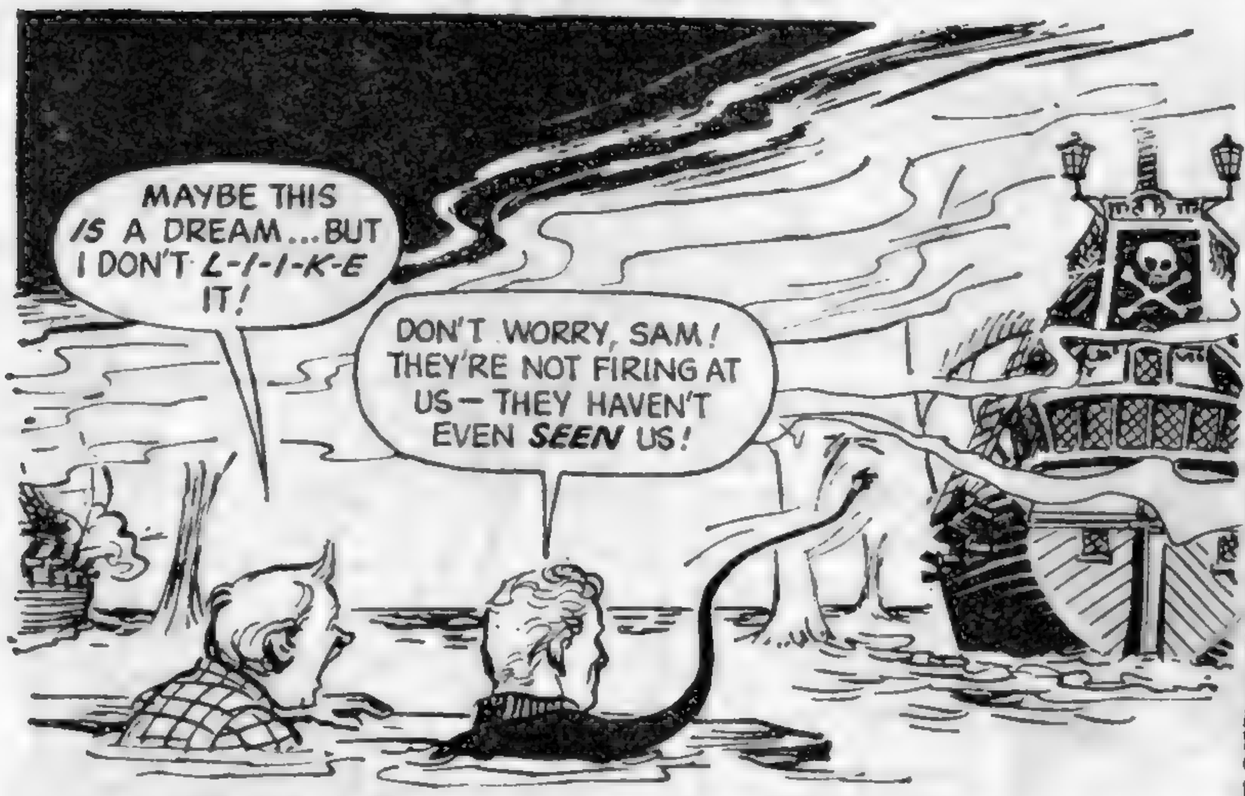
COO! REMEMBER WHAT I SAID? — THE BIGGER THEY ARE THE HARDER THEY FALL!
WHEEEE!
CRASH!

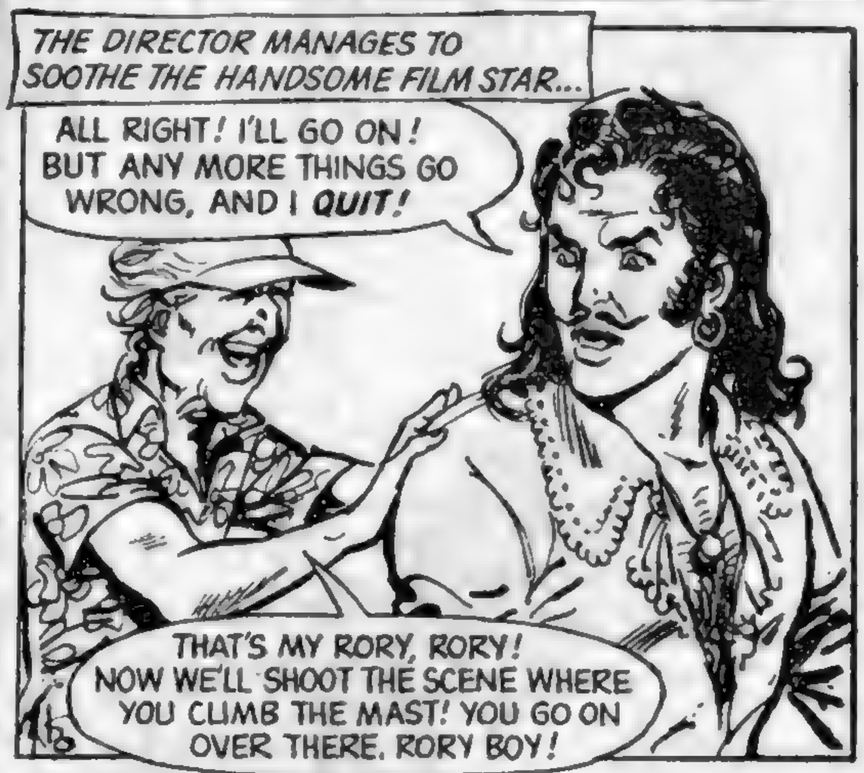
AND SHE'S BURST A WATER PIPE TO BOOT!
WHOOSH!
I THINK I'LL STAY SMALLER, AFTER ALL!

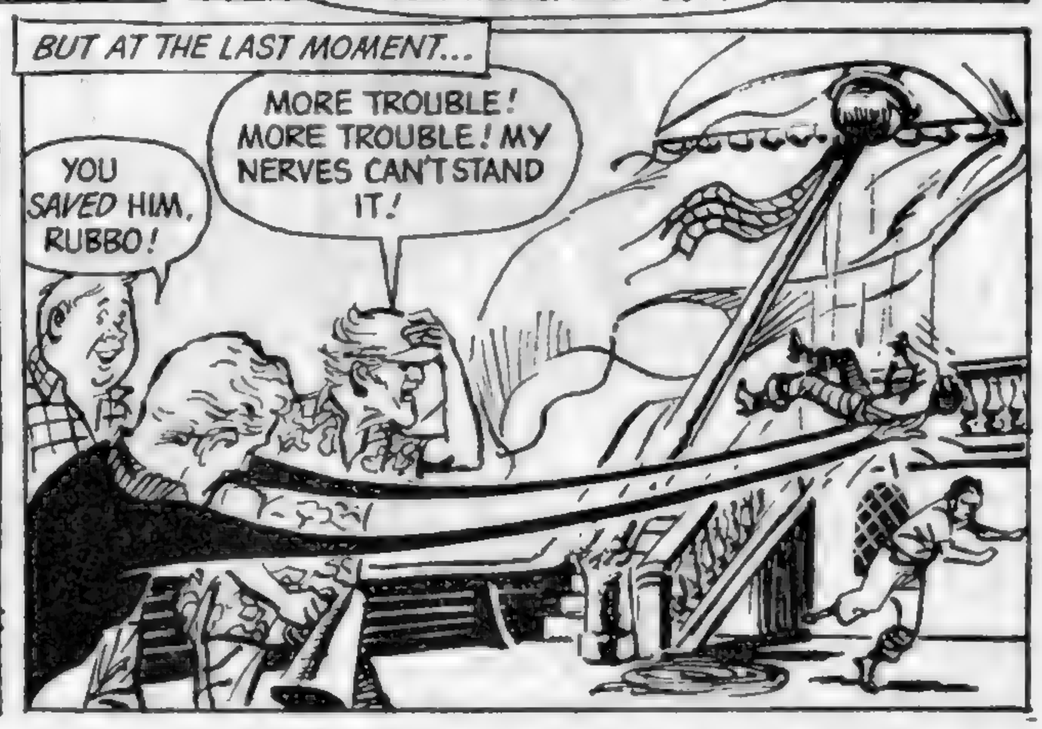
HELP! DO SOME-THING!!
IF YOU THINK I'M COMING UP THERE TO BELT YOU, YOU'VE ANOTHER THINK COMIN'!

IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

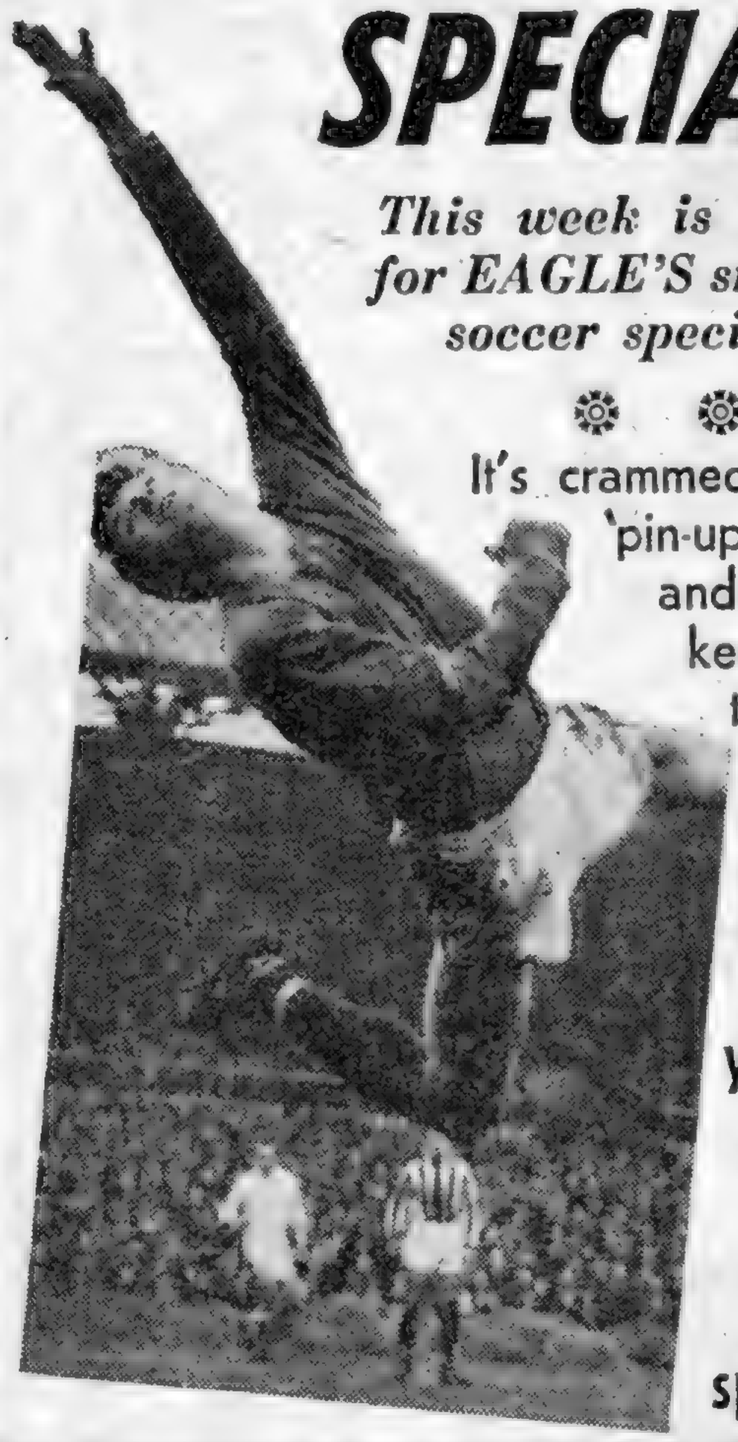
WHAT A SITUATION... RUBBERMAN AND SAM FIND THEMSELVES IN THE SEA OFF THE U.S. COAST... IN THE MIDDLE OF A SEA BATTLE... BETWEEN ANCIENT GALLEONS!







EAGLE SOCCER SPECIAL



This week is 'kick-off' time for EAGLE'S smashing 8-page soccer special.

It's crammed with super star 'pin-ups', action-pictures and exciting text to keep you right on the ball with the soccer scene.

So hurry to your newsagent and ask for EAGLE (7d.) plus soccer special - NOW!

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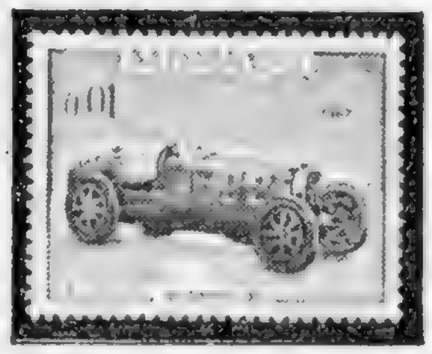

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SMASH-CHAT

WRITE TO:-
ALF AND COS,
SMASH,
64 LONG ACRE,
LONDON, W.C. 2.

Dear Alf and Cos,
I live in New Zealand, and even though I read it upside down, I think Smash is the greatest comic out. We usually get Smash about two months after it is printed and we hardly ever get your fabulous free gifts; the only ones I have got are the banging gun and the secret coder. However I still think that Smash is worth 10c. (1/-).
Michael Pirie,
Auckland, N.Z.
P.S. If you are stuck for a fiendish torture for the Man from B.U.N.G.L.E. try this: have Larry locked in a room full of Smashes without his glasses!

Nice to hear from 'down under'!—even though standing upside down brought a sudden rush of blood to Alf's head and we thought for a second he'd got back the ability to blush! (Cos didn't try it; he has enough trouble reading the right way up!) But best wishes to you anyway, tiger!
Jovial Jane.

Dear Alf and Cos,
Did you know that Batman is breaking the law? The Batmobile must have no licence because Batman would have to give details about himself to get one, and if he did that he would soon be a dead duck! Where would Power be then? In the nick?
Jonathan Leach,
Southampton.

Now there's a pretty thought—the garret gang all tucked up in nice quiet cells! Visitors strictly limited! No jangling telephones! No clacking typewriters—no deadlines—no proof-reading—no thanks! Don't tell anybody, but we love it just the way it is . . . just like jail, only noisier.

Dear Alf and Cos,
Here's a joke for you. It goes like this:
Q. What's grey with a trunk?
A. A mouse going on holiday (trunk = suitcase, see!).
Q. What's brown with a trunk?
A. A mouse coming back from holiday—sunburnt!
Stephen Hawkes,
Fairwater, Cardiff.

As for Batmobile's licence . . . don't you remember, Police Commissioner Gordon knows Batman's secret identity. He must have got him a licence personally and discreetly. Nothing like having friends in the right places!
Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
In the Man from B.U.N.G.L.E., ish 122, Larry was in quicksand up to his neck. Then a little later he had his right arm out, holding on to the bagpipes of the Scotsman who was rescuing him. How come?
Stewart Cowell,
London, S.E.24.

How come? If you were sinking in a quagmire (that's a good word, isn't it?) we bet you'd make a pretty good effort to get your arm out to grab a saving bagpipe—and we bet you'd manage it too!
Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
I think your comic is great. My favourite story is Brian's Brain, and second Daredevil. I really liked ish 127 because it showed how to make a Smash Glider which really works.
Keith Hall,
Halesowen, Birmingham.

Glad you liked the Glider, Keith. We knows it works, of course, because we tried it! (Anywhere else the sight of people flying paper planes down the corridor would raise comment, but not around here—well, we all know we don't really do any *work* in the garret, just clown around all day!)
Alf and Cos

Dear Alf and Cos,
In Smash 126, in Charlies' Choice, how did Charlie's mother know it was Charlie's fault when she saw a big black spider in the house?
John Ellender,
Hammersmith, London.

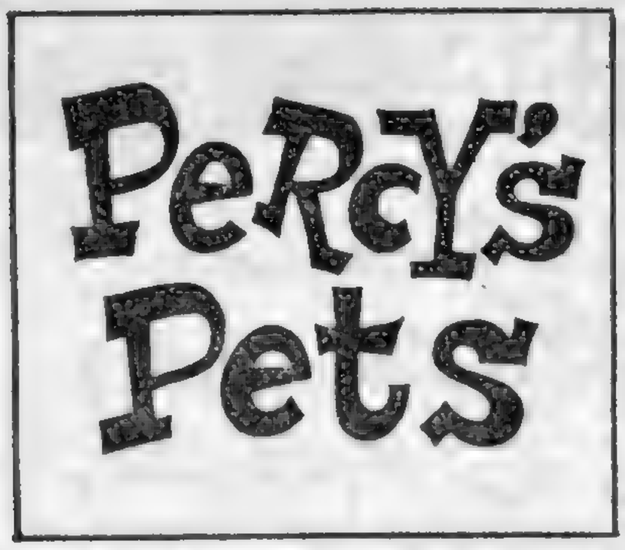
Well the spider was so big and black and hairy and it couldn't possibly have crawled out of the crack under the sink. And if you lived in Charlie's house, we bet you'd soon learn that Charlie *is* responsible for nearly everything that goes wrong! Poor Charlie!
Alf and Cos.

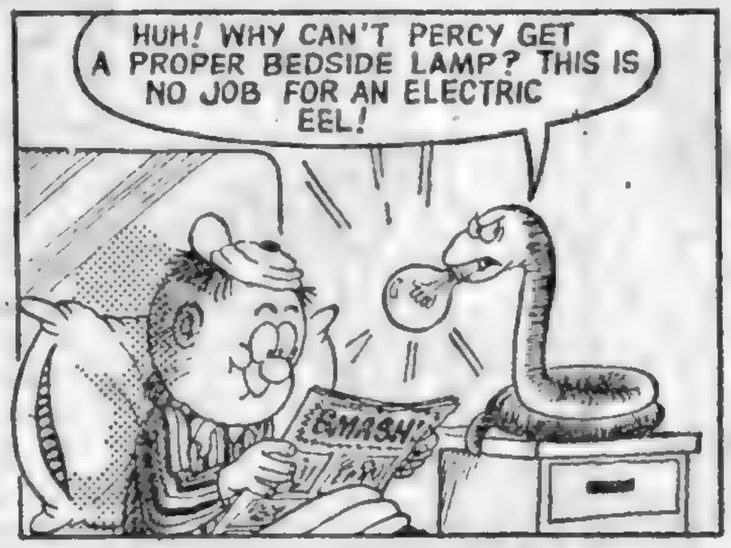
DON'T FORGET THE COUPON!

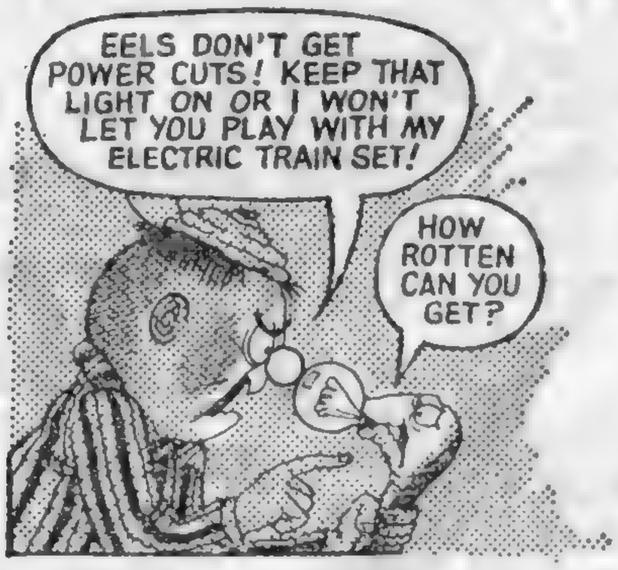
My favourite feature in Smash is .....

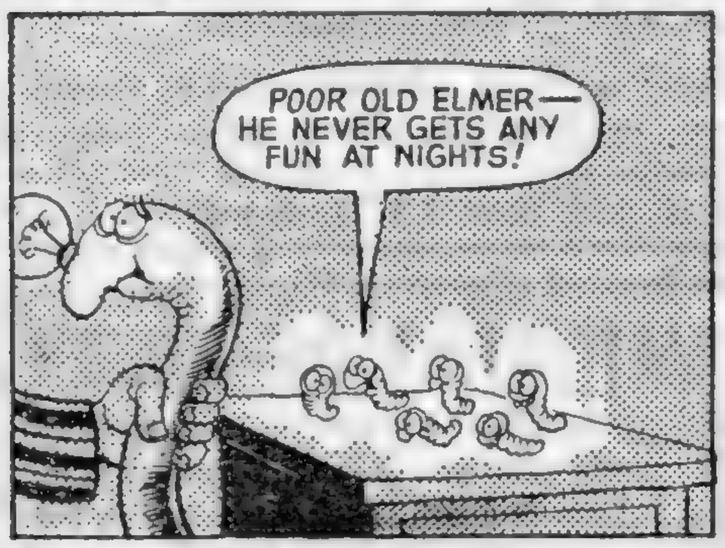
My second favourite feature in Smash is .....

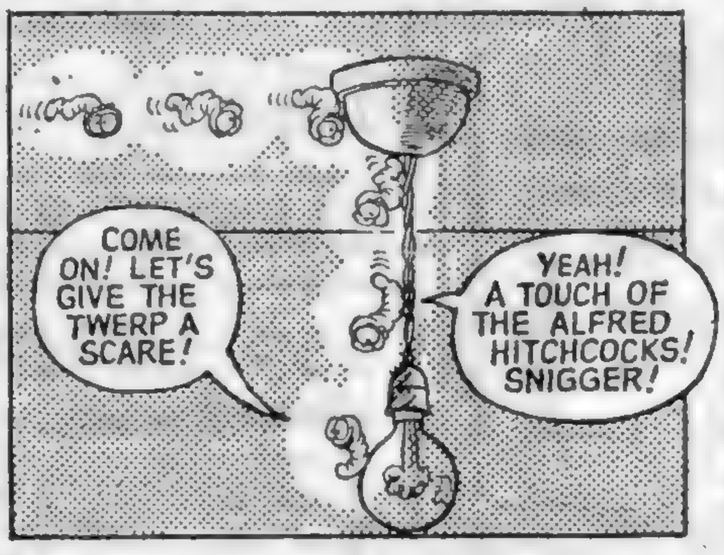
Send the coupon with your letters to: Alf and Cos, SMASH, 64 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

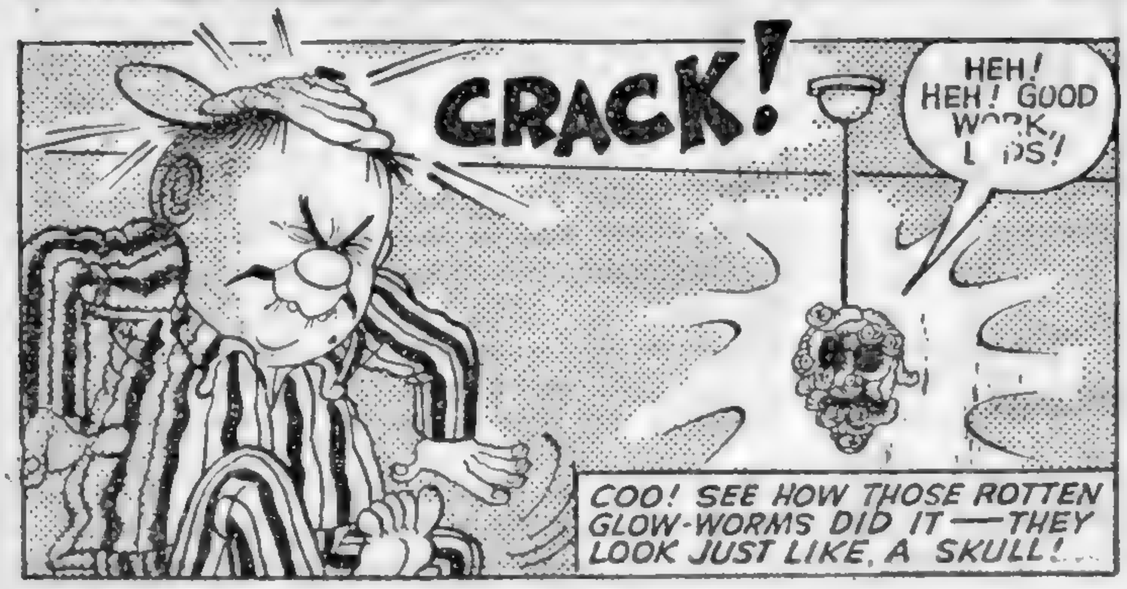






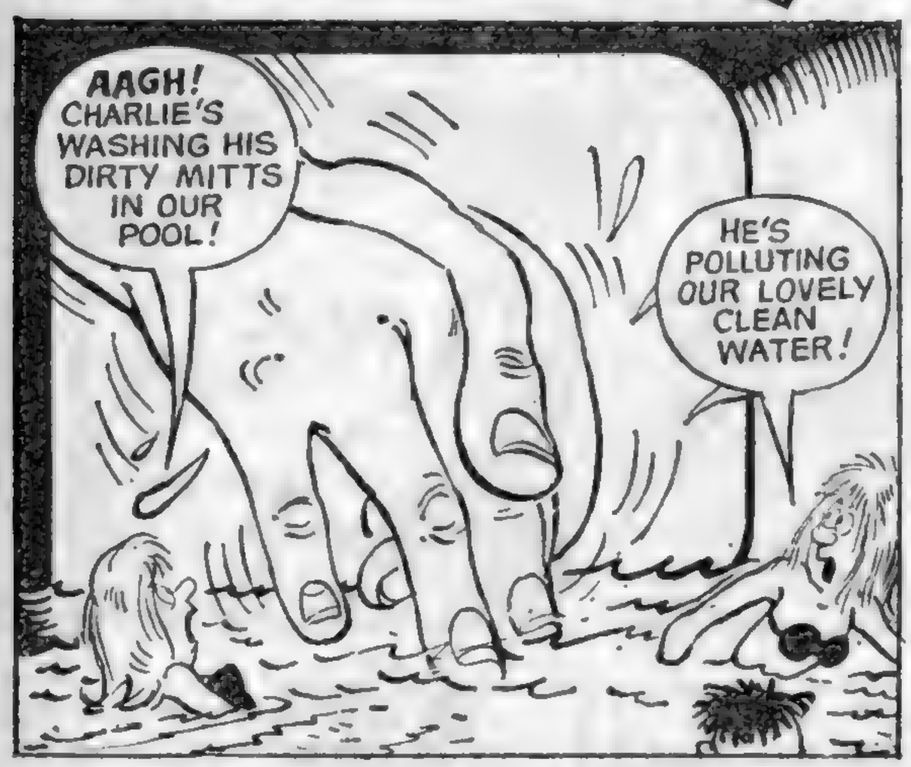


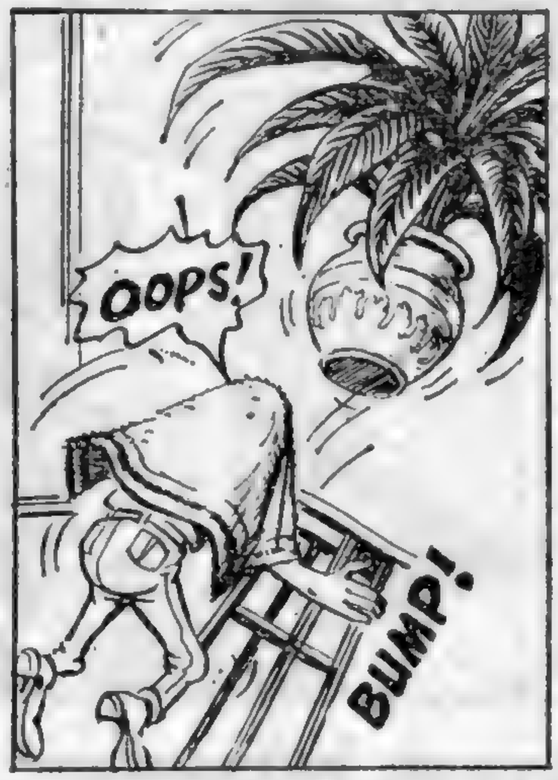


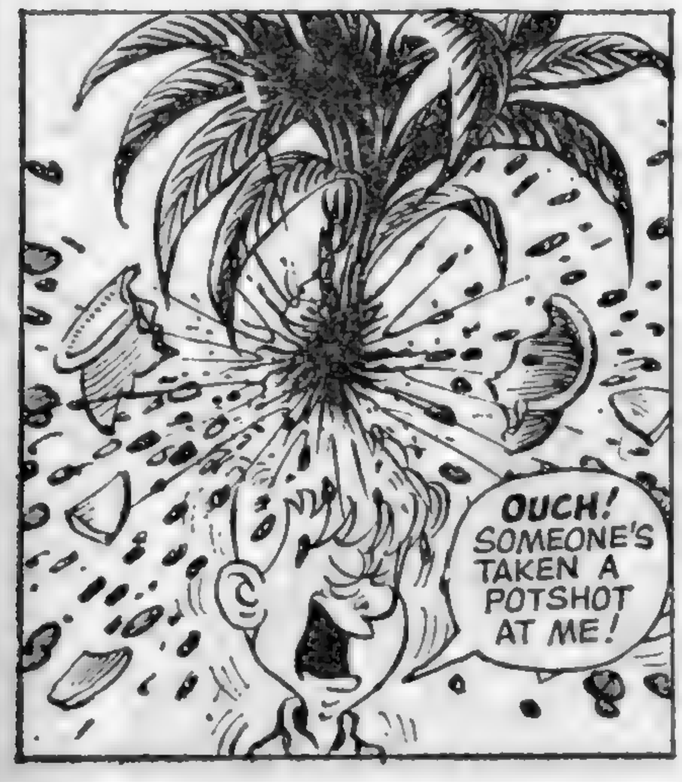


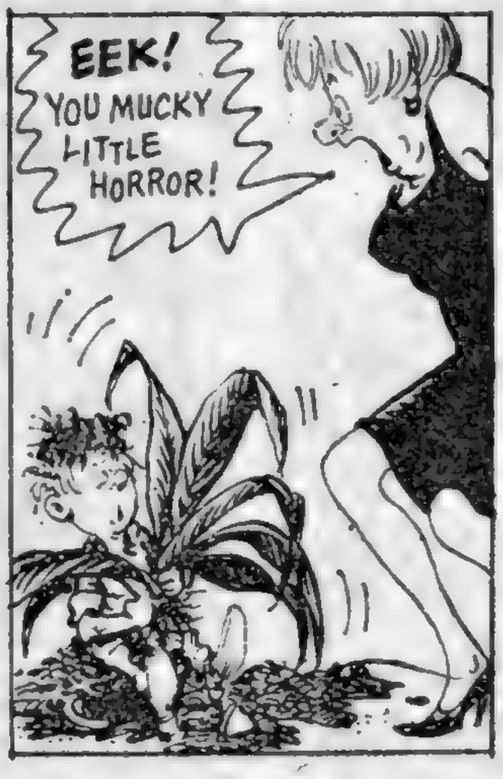
Charlie's Choice

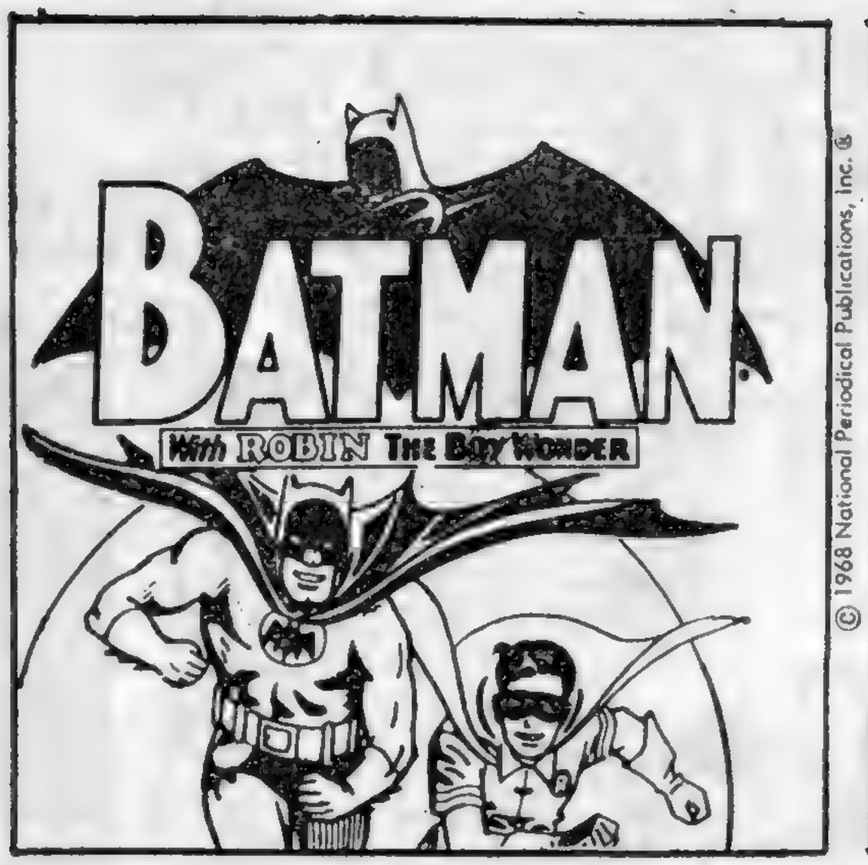
THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE!











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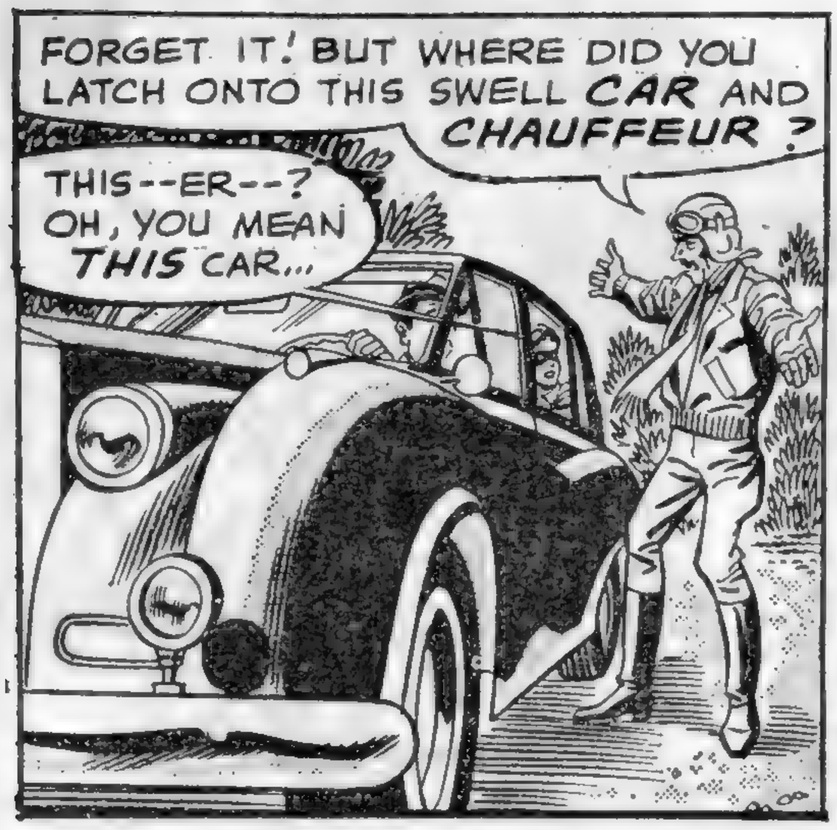

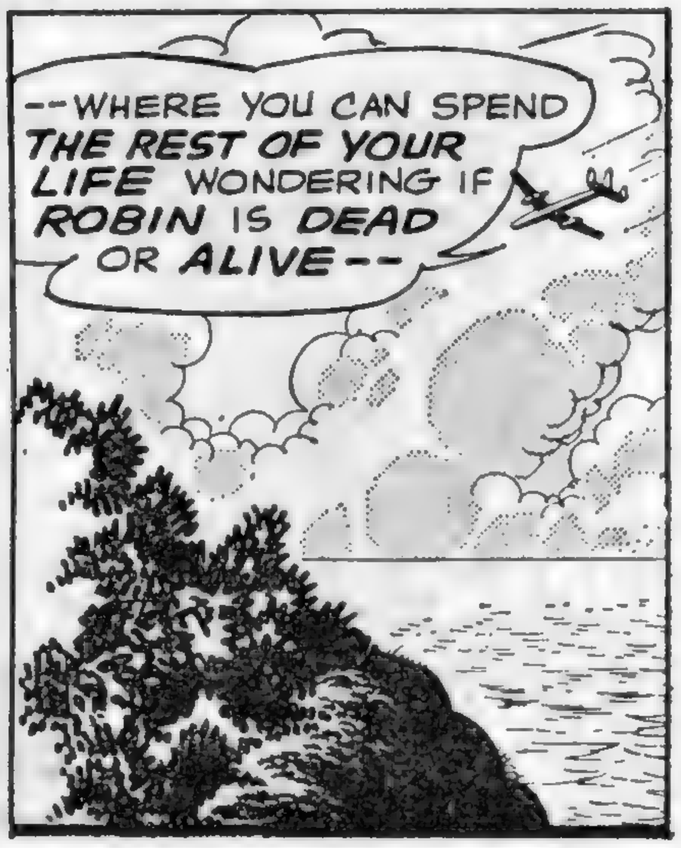

--AND IF THE BRAT IS ALIVE, HE CAN SPEND HIS LIFE WONDERING ABOUT YOU!
YOU HEARTLESS DEVIL!

BACK AT WAYNE MANOR, A CAST IS PUT ON THE LEG ROBIN BROKE IN THE PARACHUTE-JUMP IN HIS VAIN EFFORT TO RESCUE BATMAN...
THAT LEG WILL KNIT IN ABOUT SIX WEEKS, DICK-- SO RELAX AND DON'T WORRY!
HOW CAN I NOT WORRY WHEN BATMAN'S BEEN KIDNAPPED BY A BUNCH OF KILLERS--

--WHILE I SIT AROUND KNITTING!!

MEANWHILE, THE KIDNAP-PLANE LANDS AT TYRONE KOOM'S PRIVATE ISLAND-- XANADU!
ALL RIGHT, BATMAN-- GET OUT!
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AREN'T YOU A BIT AFRAID TO UNTIE ME?
NOT REALLY--
--IF YOU START ANYTHING, APE HAS INSTRUCTIONS TO SHOOT THE CO-PILOT!

YOU'LL LOVE THIS PLACE, BATMAN! QUIET, LUXURIOUS, NOBODY TO BOTHER YOU--
THANKS A LOT!

--AND YOU CAN ENJOY IT FOR LIFE!

AND MOMENTS LATER, THE PLANE TAKES OFF, LEAVING BATMAN...
...ALONE!

BUT SUDDENLY--!
WELCOME TO XANADU, BATMAN!
TYRONE KOOM'S VOICE! BUT WHERE IS HE?!?
BATINUED NEXT ISH!

THE NERVS

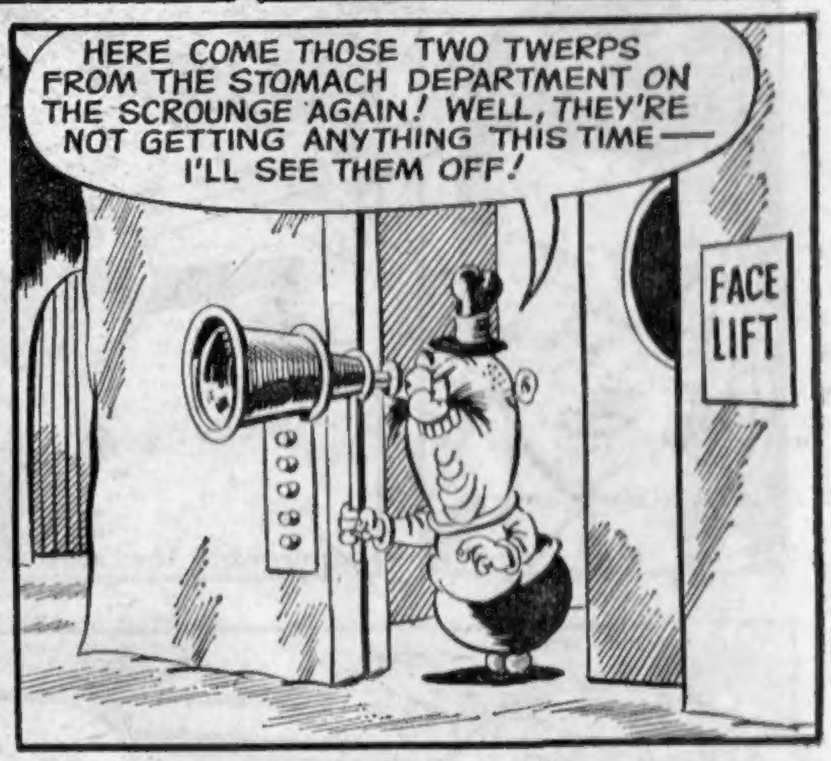
COR! THAT WAS A TASTY SNACK! IT'S FILLED AN EMPTY POT—ER—SPOT!

BUT DOWN IN FATTY'S TUM...
THE TWERP'S BELT IS FAR TOO TIGHT—JUST LOOK AT THAT BULGE!
YEAH! AND LISTEN TO IT—THAT BELT SOUNDS AS IF IT'S READY TO SNAP!
TUM DEPARTMENT
GROAN!

COO! IF THE FAT TWERP'S BELT WAS TO BURST, IT WOULD GET RID OF THAT UNSIGHTLY BULGE!
I'M RIGHT WITH YOU!

TEE-HEE! THE EXTRA PRESSURE WOULD BE TOO MUCH FOR THAT OLD WORN BELT!
A DIRTY GREAT THUMP JUST ABOUT THERE WOULD DO THE TRICK!
PROD!

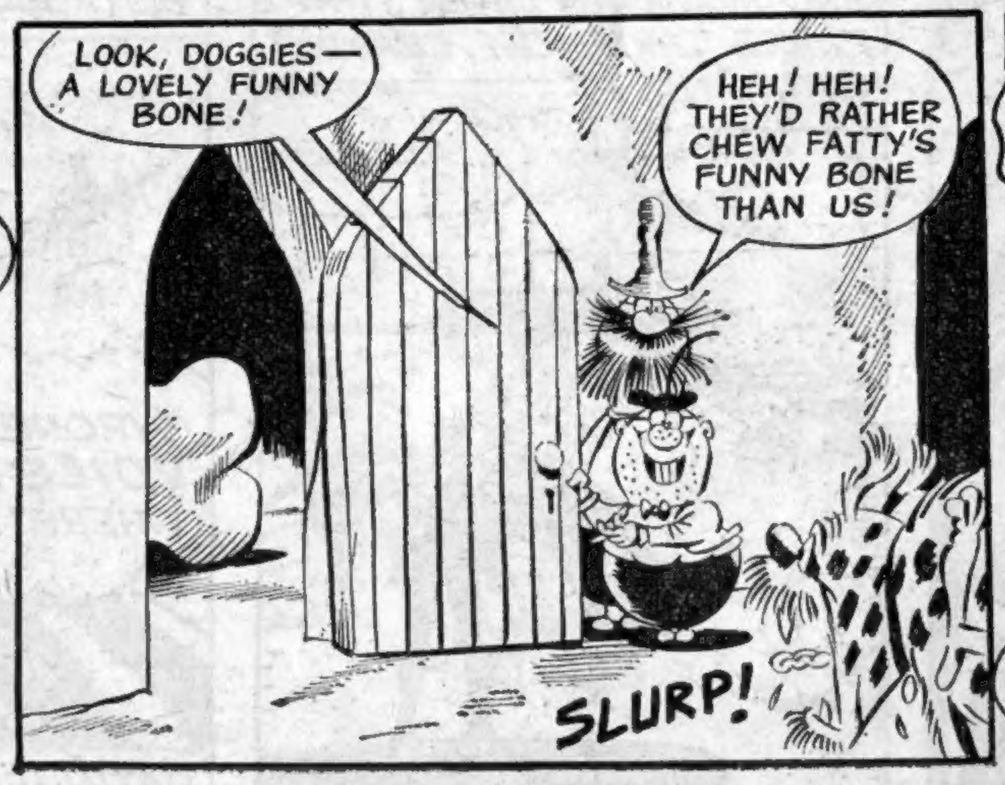
THE FACE NERVS HAVE GOT A SMASHING BIG MALLET THEY USE FOR BASHING DOWN BOILS AND PIMPLES—LET'S BORROW THAT!
OOH! I CAN'T WAIT! I CAN'T WAIT!


HERE COME THOSE TWO TWERPS FROM THE STOMACH DEPARTMENT ON THE SCROUNGE AGAIN! WELL, THEY'RE NOT GETTING ANYTHING THIS TIME—I'LL SEE THEM OFF!
FACE LIFT

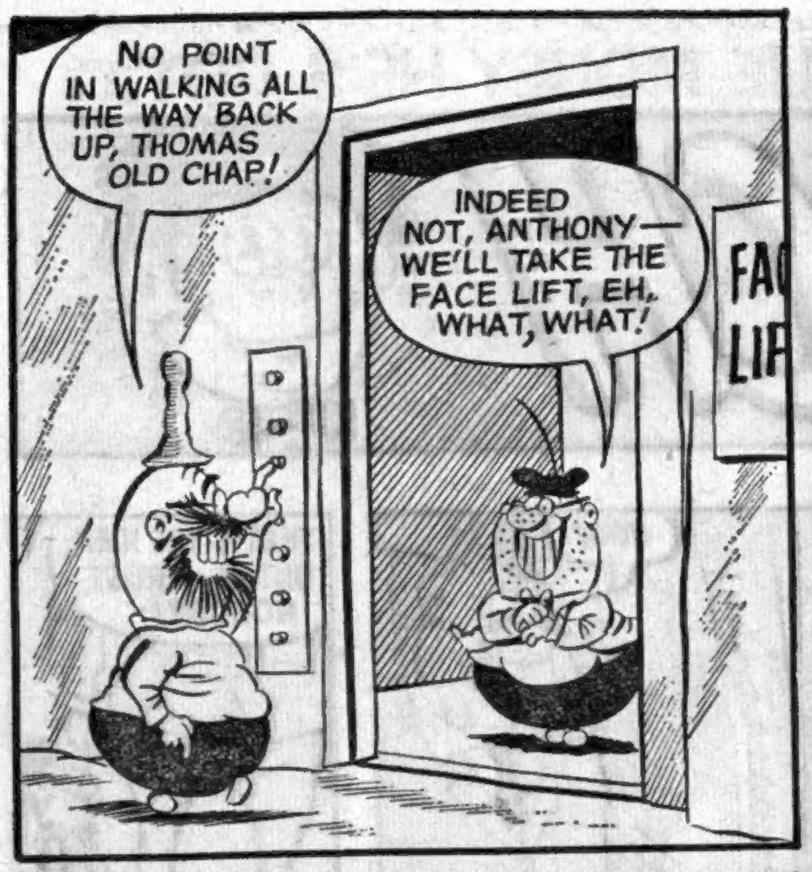
AAGH! IT'S THE FACE PACK! THEY'VE BEEN SET ON TO US—RUN FOR IT, THOMAS!
WOOF!
GRRR!

QUICK! THIS WAY, LAD—IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE! G-GULP!
SNARL!
BOW! WOW!

ELBOW DEPT.
HEH! HEH! THIS SHOULD DO THE TRICK!


LOOK, DOGGIES—A LOVELY FUNNY BONE!
HEH! HEH! THEY'D RATHER CHEW FATTY'S FUNNY BONE THAN US!
SLURP!

AAGH! GET THOSE HOUNDS OUT OF HERE! HELP! HELP!
CHOMP! WOOF!
SLURP! CHEW! WOOF! WOOF!
NOW TO GET THAT DIRTY GREAT MALLET!

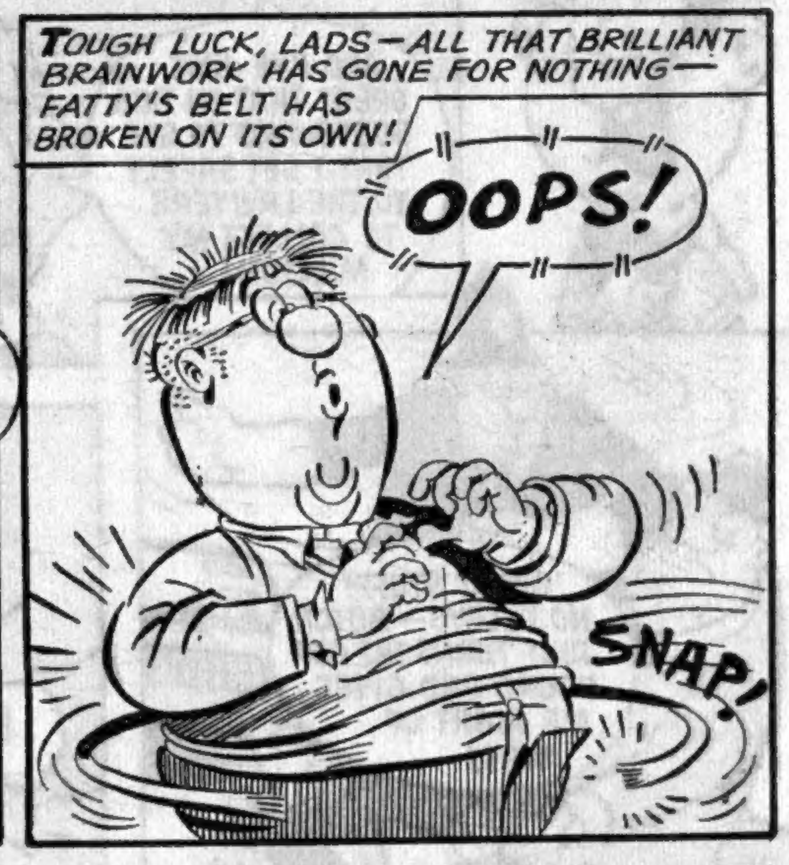

NO POINT IN WALKING ALL THE WAY BACK UP, THOMAS OLD CHAP!
INDEED NOT, ANTHONY— WE'LL TAKE THE FACE LIFT, EH, WHAT, WHAT!

GOING UP!
FACE DEPARTMENT HERE WE COME!

THE TWERPS DON'T HAVE ANY DOGS TO STOP US NOW! WE'LL JUST STROLL IN AND HELP OURSELVES!
OOH! THE SIMPLICITY OF IT ALL!

AND INSIDE THE FACE DEPT., A PIMPLE-BASHER IS HARD AT WORK!
GRR! STAY DOWN, YOU TWERP! DOWN! DOWN! DOWN!
WHOP!

I'LL HAVE THAT, IF YOU DON'T MIND! MY FRIEND AND I ARE GOING INTO BATTLE—THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE!
EEK! THEY'RE BACK!
SNATCH!

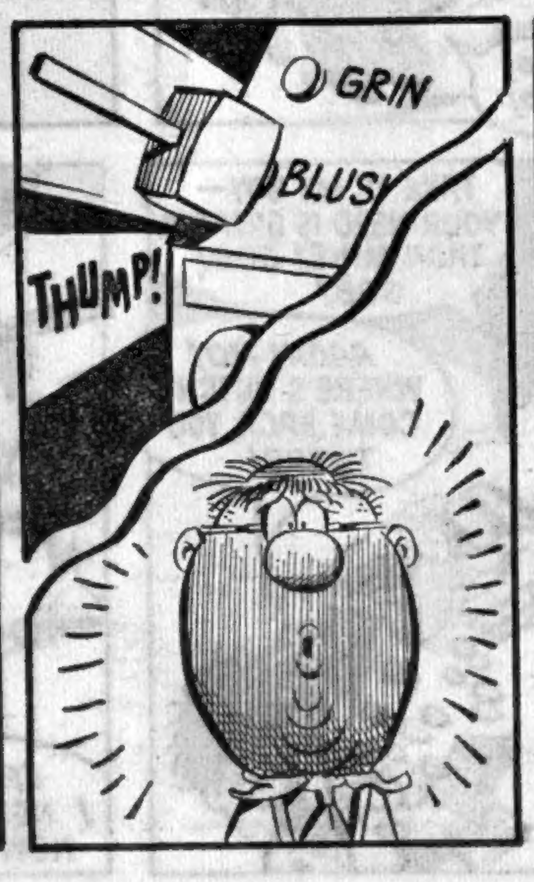

TOUGH LUCK, LADS—ALL THAT BRILLIANT BRAINWORK HAS GONE FOR NOTHING— FATTY'S BELT HAS BROKEN ON ITS OWN!
OOPS!
SNAP!

MUM! MUM! ME BELT'S BROKEN!

GRR! THE ROTTEN, FAT TWERP! WHY COULDN'T HE LET US HAVE THE PLEASURE? IT JUST ISN'T FAIR!
THWACK!
WAA-AAH! IT ISN'T MY FAULT!

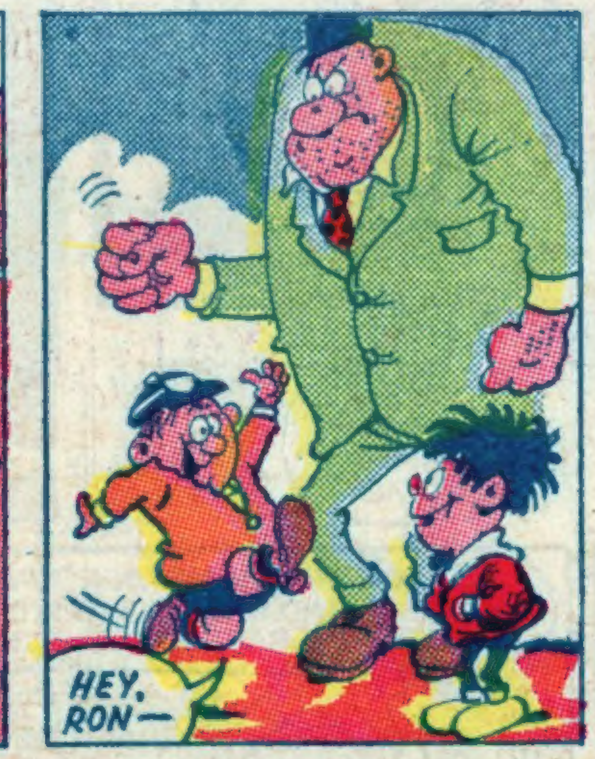
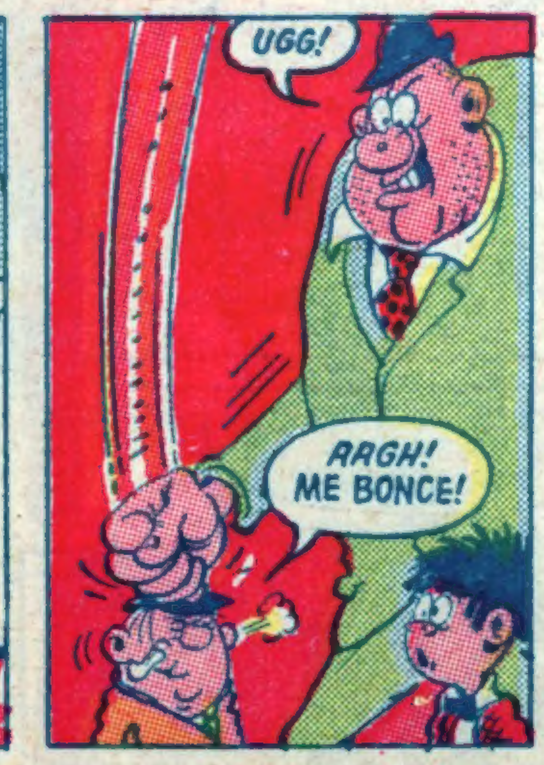
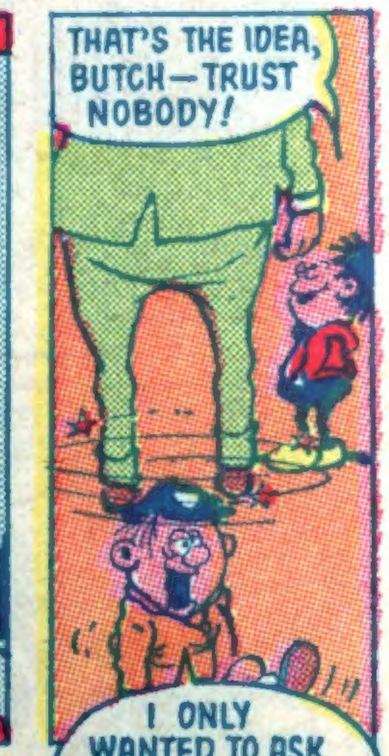
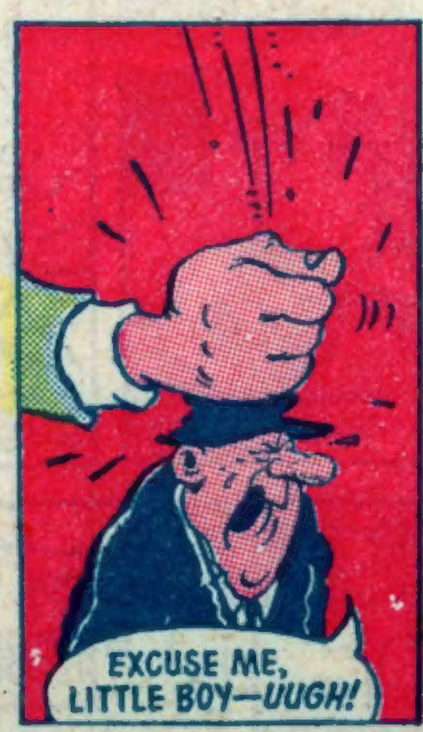
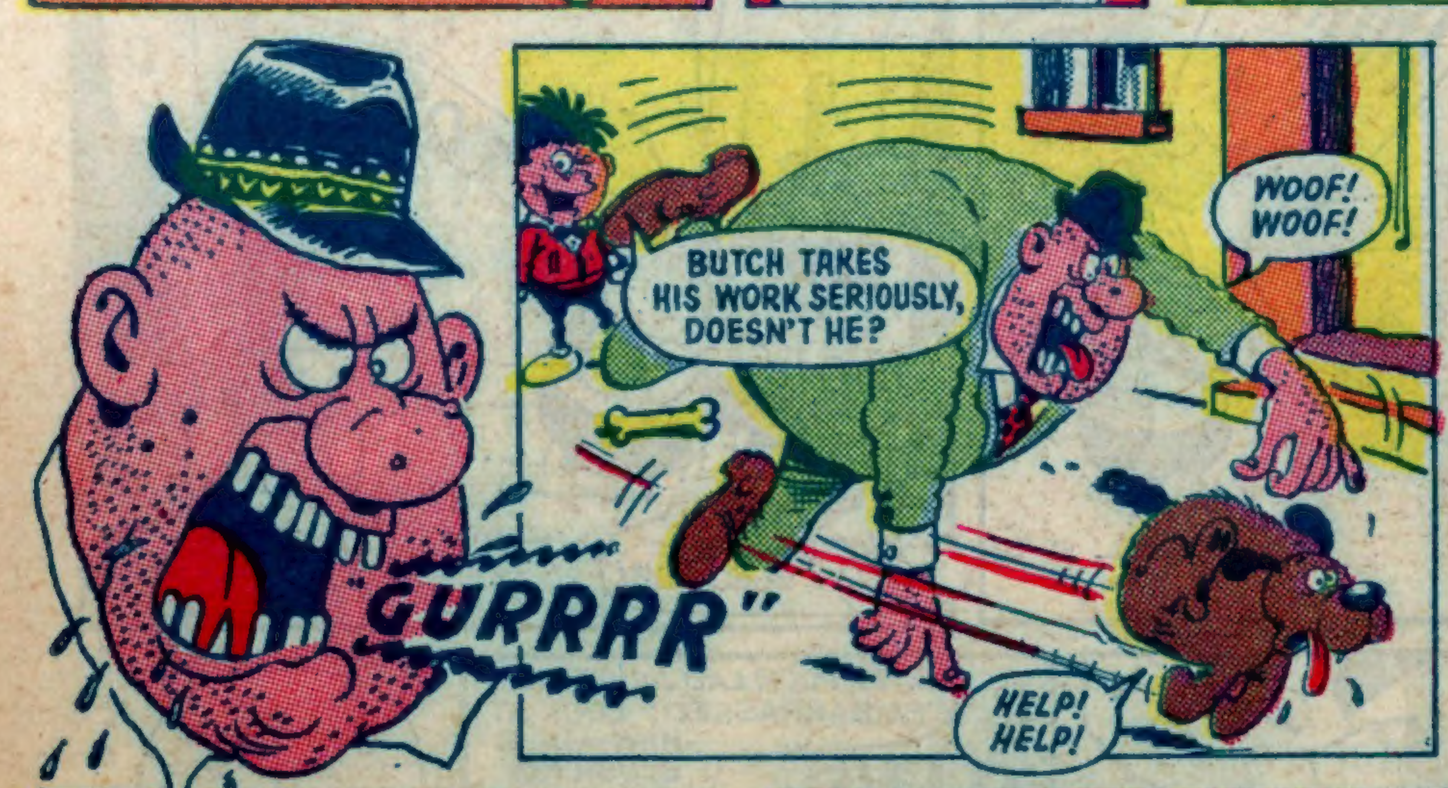
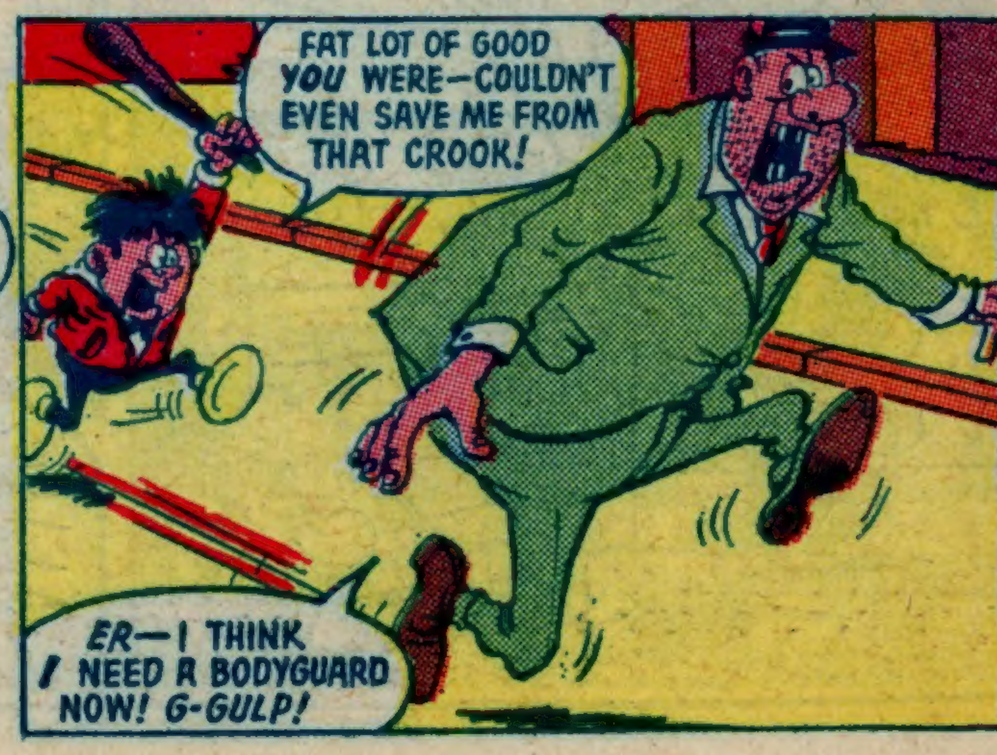
YOU CAN HAVE IT BACK NOW— WE WON'T BE NEEDING IT!
TOSS!
ROTTEN OLD FATTY! SOB! SOB!

HEY! YOU CARELESS TWERP—YOU'RE GOING TO HIT OUR COMPUTER WITH THAT THING!
WHIZZ!
SMILE
POUT
SCOWL
FROWN
GRIN
BLINK
BLUSH
LAUGH
FACE CONTROL COMPUTER


GRIN
BLUSH
THUMP!

THE POOR LAD MUST BE EMBARRASSED! LOOK AT HIM—HE'S BLUSHING LIKE MAD!
BLUSH!
HO! HO! JUST BECAUSE HE'S LOST HIS PANTS!

SERVES THE TWERP RIGHT—HE NEVER LETS US HAVE ANY FUN!

HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—IF HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

RONNIE RICH